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June 18, 1963

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

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NATIONAL REVIEW

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

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In This Issue . . .

➔ We give the exciting background to recent negotiations involving Cardinal Mindszenty, the tortured and brainwashed prelate whose ordeal and ignominy in 1949 caught the sympathetic and indignant attention of the whole world. He is a refugee now, at the American Legation in Budapest. The Communists want him away from Hungary; and the Vatican, recently seeking the relaxation of tensions, has tried to pry him loose. **Alice Leone-Moats,** who has the inside story of the dramatic communications back and forth, is the well-known American novelist and journalist who lives in Rome, and has traveled much behind the Curtain. . . . **Richard Wheeler** is an editorial writer for the *Oakland Tribune.* As a student at the University of Wisconsin a few years ago, he was probably the most provocative and widely read columnist in any major campus. He tells us about one of those anti-discrimination horrors that almost got through recently at Berkeley, until the good sense of the majority came to the rescue of sanity and the rule of law. . . . Two short pieces concern the revolt of conservatives at the Universities of Colorado and Illinois. Both places, until very recently, were run as garrison states for Liberalism. But energetic dissent by members of the student body has done much to break up the monoliths.

➔ Both **Wm. Buckley** and **Frank Meyer** discuss gloomily the racial mess, each focusing on a different aspect of the inscrutable, terrifying, and dramatic American dilemma. . . . We welcome the return of the mysterious **Cato,** who writes about Senator Kuchel's recent immolation on the altar of anti-extremism, and other matters, while reporting sadly the resignation—temporary, we hope—of **L. Brent Bozell** from the staff of NATIONAL REVIEW. He will write frequently for the magazine but not, alas, regularly, owing to a new set of commitments which have to do with the care and feeding of his nine children. . . . **Russell Kirk** celebrates, as should we all, the re-publication of one of his favorite books (*The Attack on Leviathan*) by one of his favorite writers (Donald Davidson).

➔ The Reverend **F. D. Cohalan,** an urbane and learned historian who teaches at Cathedral College in New York, reviews, favorably, Cecil Woodham-Smith's new book on the potato famine in Ireland. . . . **Robert Bemis,** of the *Boston Globe,* discusses three novels, two of them new, one of them very old. . . . **Garry Wills,** whose answer to James Baldwin in the last issue has made an immense impression, discusses the new book by Eric Hoffer, who will be remembered as the man who wrote the book that President Eisenhower read. Go easy in your criticisms of Hoffer, warns Wills. He is quite a man, and doesn't by any means fit easily in the camp of his adulators. . . . **Irene Corbally Kuhn** is the well-known columnist and author, who was there in Boston when, recently, Otto Preminger came to town to film *The Cardinal,* co-starring the great love-beat of the '20s, Dorothy Gish. ➔

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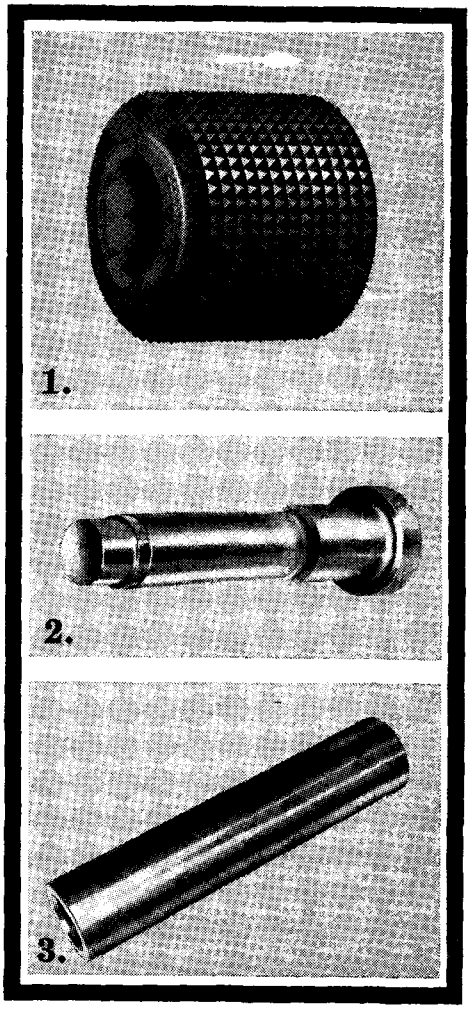

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The WEEK

● Under the Manpower Development and Retraining Act, the Federal Government will spend $10,656 this summer to train sixteen tree pruners in an eight-week course at the Bergen County Technical and Vocational High School, New Jersey. By the end of the course the sixteen tree pruners will know where the money is: it grows on trees.

● It's June, and the Draft Goldwater movement is busting out all over. With the Young Republicans of the Greater Boston area it's Goldwater over Rocky 3-1. . . . The Hawaii GOP has named two madly-for-Barry National Committeemen. . . . The Central Committee of the Louisiana Republican Party, meeting in Alexandria, has pledged itself to Goldwater. . . . The Louisiana National Committeeman, C. H. Lyons Sr. (1500 Beck Building, Shreveport), is mailing out "Promissory Notes" to be sent to Republican state committees ("Ten days after Senator Barry Goldwater is nominated for President of the United States by the Republican Party I promise to remit . . ."). Edmund Birnbryer, chairman of the National Committee of Young Adults for Rockefeller, has disbanded his group and announces he, for one, is going to work for Goldwater. . . . Ditto, says Sen. Carl Curtis of Nebraska. . . . Postcards addressed to David Lawrence of *U.S. News* (printed without the knowledge of Mr. Lawrence) are being circulated. They state simply: I, a registered voter (check Democrat or Republican) intend to vote for Senator Goldwater if he runs for President in 1964. . . . And the biggest whingding of the lot is planned for July 4th. Place: National Guard Armory, Washington, D.C. Purpose: official launching of Goldwater petition campaign by the Draft Goldwater Committee (Peter O'Donnell Jr. and Mrs. Ione F. Harrington, National Chairman and Co-Chairman). Speakers: Sen. John Tower, Rep. John Ashbrook, Gov. Paul Fannin of Arizona. Entertainers: Chill Wills, Walter Brennan, Efrem Zimbalist Jr., William Lundigan. Guests: Goldwater boosters from all over the nation. For information write: National Draft Goldwater Committee, P.O. Box 1964, Washington, D.C. Better still, attend. The Goldwater gang will all be there.

● A trial balloon labeled "New Red China Policy" floated up from 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue last week and soared quickly in the updrafts of the hot Washington air. Its release had been presaged by the President's "slip" at his last press conference, when he referred to the Nationalist Chinese Government as "the Government of Formosa." The Administration desperately seeks "new thinking" on the China question, the story goes, and "mere recognition and admission to the UN" would no longer be adequate; American policy should be directed toward education of the Reds by economic advance in China, rather than looking for internal collapse of the regime. Get your guns, boys, it's open season on Washington trial balloons!

● It will take quite a tea-leaf expert to make much out of the convention of the Young Republican National Federation in San Francisco late this month. Time was when the contest for the YR chairmanship could be depended on to reflect pretty closely divisions of sentiment in the senior party. But this time neither of the declared candidates for chairman would be caught dead uttering a Liberal cliché, let alone wearing a Rockefeller pin. Donald E. "Buz" Lukens of the District of Columbia will get the votes of most of the knowledgeable conservatives present, but his opponent, Charles McDevitt of Idaho, who has the backing of the Federation's oligarchs, is straining hard to establish his own conservative credentials. (Strain as he may, the votes of the hand-picked New York Rockefeller delegates are sure to wind up in his pocket. The New Yorkers seem to feel they can count on their man.)

● Unreported by the press that reported copiously on the ambush murder of the postman William Moore while peace-marching through Tennessee: in the cart he was dragging behind him was a large painted sign that had nothing to do with atom bombs or with integration (or maybe, if you like, everything to do with them). It read: "Wanted—the capture of Jesus Christ. He was an impostor."

● The American Civil Liberties Union and the Conservative Party of New York don't often agree, but in recent days they have spoken out on the same side of a burning issue: the pending extradition of former Venezuelan President Marcos Pérez Jiménez, who has been in a Miami jail for a year or more, and whom Venezuelan President Rómulo Betancourt would love to prosecute for various alleged crimes Jiménez (quite probably) committed during his period of office. Pointing to the possible political origin of Betancourt's motion, and reiterating the support of political asylum as an instrument of individual protection and as a clause in the Universal Declaration of Human Rights and in the American Declaration of the Rights of Man (adopted in 1948 at the 9th International Conference of American States), the American Civil Liberties Union says, "To extradite a former head of state solely for alleged abuses of

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his powers during his tenure is wholly unexampled in the annals of United States diplomacy." But there is a strategic consideration also: for the U.S. could hardly serve to encourage anti-Communist action in Latin America if, in departing from its historic practice of political asylum, it chooses as its first victim a man who, while in office, fought diligently and effectively against the Communists.

● While the U.S. tries to prevent subversion of the Castro regime, Communist subversion of the rest of Latin America continues. Rep. William Cramer (R., Fla.) told the House last week how Africans are trained in Cuba as sugarcane cutters and saboteurs, then sent to Haiti—168 in a recent six-month period. The Dominican Republic government of Juan Bosch is heavily infiltrated with known Communists, he continued, as are the local governments of the French colonies of Martinique and Guadeloupe. Rep. Cramer called for an immediate OAS meeting to carve out a program for patrol of the Caribbean to stop the drops of Communist troops and supplies.

● The UN's own Ralph Bunche was principal speaker at the American Baptist Convention held on May 18 at Detroit's Cobo Hall Arena. As he was being introduced, two men carried a wreath of red, white and blue carnations which drew gasps of delight down the aisles and set it on the platform, handing a presentation card to one of the officials. The two men left the convention, the official handed the card to the master of ceremonies, who was then introducing Dr. Bunche, and the master of ceremonies read, "To Dr. Bunche—U Thant's Hatchet Man: this wreath is sent to you for the role you played in the rape and murder of Katanga." The audience exploded. The officials removed the wreath from the platform. The two men, John Barrett and Edward Kelly, were arrested outside the hall and are now out on bail, having been interrogated, fingerprinted, and charged with disturbing the peace. Peace? You know, the kind of thing the United Nations brought to Katanga.

● Talk about painting yourself into a corner! Look at the parliamentary situation in British Guiana right now: The country is in the throes of a six-week general strike in protest against a proposed new labor bill. But Dr. Cheddi Jagan's People's Progressive Party can't do anything about it because Jagan and three of his aides have been suspended from the House of Assembly (the lower chamber) by Speaker Rahman Gajraj for making disrespectful remarks about his honorable self, and without those four votes the PPP has no majority, but that really doesn't matter at the moment because Speaker Gajraj was forced to adjourn the House when Jagan and his aides physically refused to leave the chamber and it transpired that the sergeant-at-arms was not to be found to do the bouncing because he was also on strike. Her Majesty's Navy, meanwhile, is standing by.

● Education for Freedom, a non-profit tax-exempt educational corporation, has made considerable strides since its beginning two years ago toward its goals of "increasing the understanding by all Americans of their freedom," and "deepening citizens' knowledge of Communism and of the measures taken to defend the free world against it." It has sponsored a score of important seminars and, as a prototype "Cold War Corporation," has operated as a clearing house for information and guidance principally for church groups, schools, and communications networks. Now it is ready to help establish Cold War Corporations in communities throughout the country, and if the initial interest of such groups as the American Bar Association, the Young Presidents Organization, and the NAM bears fruit, there will be busy days ahead at the home office of Education for Freedom, Lenox Square, Atlanta 26, Georgia.

● Professor Ludwig von Mises, dean of free market economists, was honored last week by New York University. Belatedly, one might add. The citation: "Author of literally hundreds of books and articles, his major works are recognized as classics of economic thought. He has brought one of the most powerful minds of his age to bear on his subject and has clarified it with philosophic conscience and a scientific integrity of a rare order. His writing unites the best of many traditions, combining the fairness and epistemological distinction of the German with the lucidity and commonsense of the English. He is an eloquent scholar, a scholar's scholar, and the force of his ideas has been multiplied manyfold by the able economists he has trained and influenced. For his great scholarship, his exposition of the philosophy of the free market, and his advocacy of a free society, he is here presented with our Doctorate of Law."

● He had first felt the pain in 1961; He shrugged, but the pains recurred again and again and again until He knew, in His dim subconscious, that something was desperately wrong. . . . He made out another check to Leroy Deskins of Miami, Florida for $334.10 . . . too many Leroy Deskinses in Miami, the big IBM idly thought, feeling the pain course through him again. *That was it!* There just couldn't be 170 Leroy Deskinses in the Miami area all wanting income tax refunds of exactly $334.10. He lit up in glee; He reeled; He whirred; He chattered at his keeper, telling him to detach a T-Man at once to such and such address. The T-Man went, found a Leroy Deskins who was two years older and some forty thousand dollars richer than when he had first got hold of

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those W-2 forms somewhere, and begun to make a profitable living by duplicating withholding statements. They gave Deskins eight years. The big IBM, His pains gone now, belched in contentment and turned off His circuits for a nap.

Will the Senator Yield?

Senator Thomas Dodd exercises a heavy responsibility when he appears to depart from principles widely associated with a political movement of which he is a very important leader. We have now the Dodd Resolution, in which Mr. Dodd, joined by a number of his colleagues, calls on the Senate to endorse a unilateral ban on testing nuclear weapons in the atmosphere or in the ocean, for as long as the Soviet Union refrains from any such tests. Meanwhile, says Dodd, we can fire away to our hearts' content above the atmosphere, and underground, without fear of adding to the radioactive content of the air we breathe. And if tomorrow the Soviet Union should begin to test in the atmosphere—and we have the precision instruments to know exactly when that happens—we can follow suit the day after tomorrow.

We most reluctantly disagree with the Senator, stressing our admiration for him and his record. The disagreement derives from our fundamental belief that nuclear weapons are, at this point in history, a blessing, not a curse. Without them, as Winston Churchill has pointed out, there would not today be a free man on the continent of Europe. Under the circumstances we must everywhere resist the coils of the Liberal demonology, which during the past decade have captured substantial numbers of the governing community, causing, for instance, Dwight Eisenhower, in the fall of 1958, to suspend unilaterally atom testing even while necessary research into the refinement of the atomic weapons system went undone.

Granted much of what we need to know about the atom we can discover by firing bombs under the surface of the earth. Unless we have been misled by the scientists and the military, some of what we need to know we cannot know except by occasional testing in the atmosphere. And as a theoretical problem, we do not now know what it is we will want to know a year from now, what possibilities have opened up, which can only be pursued by testing in the atmosphere. Will atomic power play a role, as has been widely suggested, in the development of a truly effective anti-missile missile? And how are we going to find out? What did we find out as the result of the last series of tests? Why did we need to conduct them? Because there was an accumulation of unanswered questions. Won't there be an accumulation of unanswered questions a year or two or three hence? Meanwhile, the enemy can be expected

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to work rigorously toward the accumulation of new techniques, observing the hiatus for so long as is convenient, and then blasting away again at his convenience, leaving it for us to struggle to keep even.

Senator Dodd has done more than almost any American to wage the good fight against the creeping superstitions of the disarmament fetishists. So clear has his vision been, and so steady his nerves, that he owes his followers a further elucidation. Can we have missed the point? Or might he have missed it?

For a Free Cuba

Some weeks ago the Citizens Committee for a Free Cuba, obviously following the lead of the Committee for the Monroe Doctrine, was organized in Washington under the leadership of Daniel James, an author and roving editor of the *Reader's Digest,* with dozens of prominent sponsors, including Arleigh Burke and Edward Teller; and since then it has issued a series of factual, and factually explosive, reports. In no uncertain terms the Committee stands for the liberation of Cuba from Communism, the sooner the better.

Then early in June a meeting of several dozen professors, journalists, and other public figures was held at Freedom House on the subject of Cuba, and the result of the two-day symposium was this: 1)

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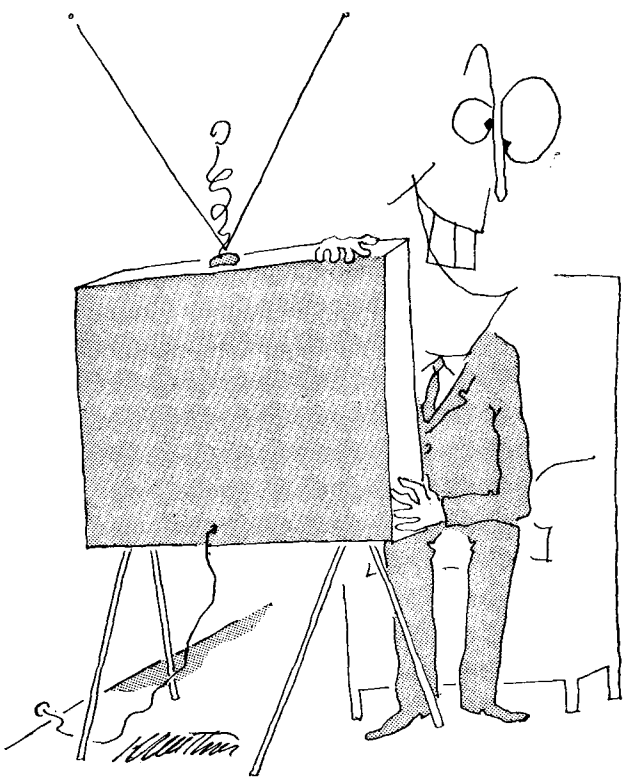
the U.S. should act firmly on Cuba now; 2) to delay action is to increase the risk of war; 3) the Castro regime can be toppled without a U.S. invasion.

That last can be debated, but need not be debated. Some say the U.S. has waited so long now, that the time of successful subversion has passed. But that is irrelevant: the U.S. has allowed Soviet Russia to arm Cuba to such an extent that the U.S. *must* throw out the Castro-Soviet regime, no matter what the cost. Begin with propaganda, infiltration, subversion, of course. But the U.S. cannot tolerate what its President has publicly called intolerable. For the Cuban situation has deeply shaken the Western Alliance and has brought subversive activity to a dangerous pitch in almost every Latin American country. The free world, the Western Alliance, and our hemisphere neighbors are waiting for only one thing: action by the U.S.

For that matter, so are the American people, including *a fortiori* certain officers of the United States Navy, who, though ordered to report all movements of small vessels of Alpha 66 towards Cuba, have, according to some reports, decided to cultivate defective eyesight on the right occasion. On one level this might be construed as mutinous conduct; others will consider it understandable as long as the policy of the Administration ignores the imperatives of national defense. The Administration can regain the support of every member of the armed forces and of the people if it will act, now, to defend the hemisphere from Communist conquest.



"Since the Mann Act is a Living Document, and since equal Interstate Commerce is Inherently Unequal, it follows therefore that only mixed couples should be permitted to cross state lines for immoral purposes, with the exception of unmixed couples who can show cause why their attraction for each other should not be construed as actually based on Hate. As a No-Nonsense Liberal seeking Light, I figured this all out after concentrating on TV's Straight-From-the-Shoulder Civil Rights coverage!"

7277

There's a tale about. A flock of newspapers and individual columnists have picked it up; citizens have indited a whirlwind of anxious or angry correspondence; Congress, the Administration, the State Department, the military and the UN have been flooded with inquiries; pamphlets have appeared by the dozens. The relevant documents have been variously reported as "S.777," "S.7277," "Department of State Publication 7277," "Public Law 87-297," "Public Law 86-297," "Public Law 82-297," "Freedom From War," "HR 9118," "Disarmament in a Peaceful World," "HR 3613," "In the Cause of Peace," "Blueprint for the Peace Race," and many others. The tale goes that the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, set up in the State Department by HR 9118, Public Law 87-297, is attempting to put into effect a long-term (ten-year) three-stage blueprint to disarm the U.S., establish an unchallengeable UN "Peace Force" (under the control of the "UN military commander" or the UN Under Secretary for Political and Security Council Affairs, in either case the position being one always held by a Soviet Communist)—and finally set up world government.

Many of the facts, as nearly as can be determined in the surrounding confusion, are accurate, *e.g.*, the Disarmament Agency *is* charged with the task of promoting world disarmament, and it *did* create a tentative plan called "Blueprint for the Peace Race." It is not, however, engaged in the business of selling out U.S. sovereignty, nor has it treaty power, nor the power to effect U.S. disarmament. No Communist has ever been in command of the UN military, although the position of Under Secretary for Political and Security Council Affairs has, by tacit agreement, always been held by a Soviet Communist, and, as a second-rank post in the UN right behind the Secretary General, it would presumably have a good deal of influence on UN military matters. In general, the Disarmament Agency's ideas are crazy as Hell, but they are not wicked and they are not being put into effect covertly. HR 3613 (introduced by Rep. James Utt of California), seeking to repeal the Arms Control and Disarmament Act, might profitably be supported by conservatives interested in dispersing the pink clouds called the Disarmament Agency, and sending

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the idealists who weightlessly inhabit them back to gainful employment. When disarmament comes, it will be important enough to be transacted by the conventional agencies of government, *e.g.*, the President and the Houses of Congress.

Exit, Pursued . . .

Volume XI, Number 3 of *World Theater*, a quarterly review published by the International Theater Institute and distributed throughout the world in English and French by UNESCO, is devoted to an analysis of drama in the fifties, including "A Conversation With Arthur Miller." Purpose? To explain what is going on in the world in terms of *theater*. Got that?

Okay. The interview begins with two or three innocuous questions, *e.g.*, "What stimulates you into writing?", "So you really don't know how your play is going to end when you start it?", etc.

Question 6: "Do you think that McCarthyism is now dead in this country?"

Question 7: "You mean he was defeated for the wrong reasons?"

Question 8: "Doesn't McCarthy stand exposed in most American eyes as a bad influence?"

Thus the state of drama in the fifties. Miller's answers were, for the most part, pretty poor theater. Though he did try to liven things up in answer to No. 7, to wit, "Yes, [McCarthy] gained the antagonism of people a good many of whom essentially didn't disagree with him very much. My own opinion is that he may have been demented toward the end. . . ."

The Birds and the Beasts Were There

New York, New York. If not so long ago the mark of a chronic loser was an Edsel with a Nixon bumper sticker, in New York these days it threatens to become a well-thumbed copy of *Advance*, the Modern Republican quarterly which is the GOP's own little *apertura a sinistra*.

Sired three years ago by Harvard sophomore Bruce Chapman out of David Rockefeller's checkbook, *Advance* moved to Washington when its founder graduated, and is now published there. Although its promotional puffs describe it simply as a "Republican journal," and carefully avoid mentioning its Stakhanovite Liberalism, it specializes in doublethink-pieces by such heroes as Nelson Rockefeller, Jacob Javits and Clifford Case, plus interminable pictures of its household god, Manhattan Congressman John V. Lindsay, in every pose except standing on his head.

But evidently the economics of publishing (or perhaps a cramp in David Rockefeller's writing hand) have caught up with *Advance*, for recently the cream of Manhattan's Liberal Republicanism was invited to a $100-a-plate dinner in New York's swank Hotel Pierre to bolster the sagging fortunes of their favorite magazine. Between 150 and 200 showed up (though not all of these, it can be reliably reported, paid for their own roast beef). The dinner was billed as the first in a country-wide series, but if the kickoff was any sample the Birchers can lay those placards down. This show will never get past Scarsdale.

What was wrong? It wasn't just the bad luck that this *klatsch* of gung-ho Liberal Republicans happened to take place less than 48 hours after even Dr. Gallup had thrown in the sponge and admitted that Goldwater is leading both Rockefeller *and* Romney in the national popularity sweepstakes. It wasn't merely the piercingly predictable speeches by California's Senator Kuchel and the inevitable Mr. Lindsay and Rep. Fred Schwengel of Iowa. It wasn't even the composition of the audience, which consisted largely of Congressman Lindsay's own personal *apparat*, from punks to debutantes, plus a few young-at-heart veterans of the Willkie galleries at the 1940 convention.

Rather, it was a matter of tone, or the lack of it: the sheer essential *pallor* of the occasion. One's first impulse was to give these people a transfusion. There they sat, exuding a well-bred distaste not only for Democrats but for their fellow Republicans of more conservative bent. Not even Lord Lindsay's cunningly delayed appearance on the dais evoked more than a ripple of applause. Later, as Lindsay prepared to deliver his Message at what would have been the evening's climax if the evening had had a climax, Editor Chapman hailed him forthrightly as the man "who many people think is the real hope of the Republican Party." But all the Real Hope of the Republican Party could find to do at this pregnant juncture was listlessly condemn the Kennedys for not doing enough for the Negro. The performance was brutal in its cynicism, but neither it nor anything else about the occasion seemed real.

So one's attention inevitably wandered from the dais to the audience, spotting here and there a surprising or at least a memorable face: Arthur Goldsmith, the dauntlessly Liberal old fuddy-duddy whom Westbrook Pegler once described as the "kapok dragon of the Waldorf Towers"; former National American Legion Commander Martin McKneally, now Rockefeller's apologist in conservative circles; Frederick Sonntag, the Greasy Eminence behind Congressman Tom Curtis' zigzag drive toward the next Missouri senatorship; John Roosevelt, the "white sheep of the Roosevelt family"—older and puffier and jowlier now, but still pursuing that one elusive chance that will give him his long-delayed start in Republican politics; Charles McWhorter, the able former Nixon aide, who seemed out of place as a sponsor

IN COMING ISSUES

BRAZIL'S MOST DANGEROUS MAN
by John Dos Passos

FORGOTTEN CUBAN PRISONERS
by Wm. F. Rickenbacker

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of this dinner; and former Congressman Hamilton Fish, of all people, now carrying wood for Manhattan's Liberal GOP in an effort to launch an ambitious son on a political career less controversial than his own.

One hopes that *Advance* will take its show on the road. The actors may not have much to say, but they have a lot to learn. There is more political gusto in any cow-college YAF chapter than could be found the other night in the whole Grand Ballroom of the Pierre. Jean McKee, the Young Republican who headed the arrangements committee, started out some years back as a conservative, but is now well on her way to becoming La Pasionaria of Modern Republicanism. She certainly has her work cut out for her. GEORGE F. HOBART

Francis Walter, RIP

The death of Francis Walter is an especial loss to the ranks of anti-Communists in Congress who depended so heavily on his parliamentary prowess. It was not merely accidental that the House Committee on Un-American Activities got by year after year with 95 or more per cent of the vote of Congress: Walter had something to do with it. In recent years he had not been well, and the Committee no doubt missed his effective leadership. He was in some respects cranky, *e.g.*, his unintelligible resistance to the Freedom Academy, and of course in domestic legislation he voted with some constancy to increase the powers of the Federal Government. Even so, he was a resolute and determined anti-Communist, and therefore a soldier in the most important and reviled army in the world. He was also, an affable and courteous human being. We deeply regret his death.

Pope John, Pacem in Coelis

The manifestations of sincere grief over the death of Pope John are unparalleled in human memory. What has happened appears to be the solemnization of the old saw that all the world loves a lover: all the world loved Pope John, because he was one of the most convincing lovers of all mankind the world has ever known, and no one, anywhere, lived under the shadow of the doubt that Pope John loved *him*. That is why Catholics right and left, Protestants high and low, Jews orthodox and reform, Hindus, Moslems, Confucianists, atheists aggressive and supine, democrats, monarchs, despots, totalitarians, have joined the chorus of praise, making expressions of requited love, for the simple peasant who, carrying the heaviest crown on earth, went bravely to death, after trying hard, for five years, to teach the world how to live.

What is, of course, arresting about the phenomenon of a world united for perhaps the first time in history, is that no such unanimity met the death of Jesus Christ. Whom, after all, Pope John struggled merely to imitate, following the injunction of Thomas à Kempis—never supposing he could wholly succeed, being man, not God. Nor does such unanimity, even after two thousand years of reflection, now extend to the appreciation of Christ, Who is still widely reviled, widely despised, universally profaned. The reasons why are complex, but one of them is that Christ, in harder accents than his most recent steward, seemed to be calling for a life based largely upon definition, on a purposive discrimination between good and evil, in the art and the science of which He was, of course, the Divine Teacher; whereas the Pope, although of course in thought, word, and deed an obedient servant of the definitional structure of Christianity, dramatized a very different quality, an ecumenicism so lofty that from its high position the particularities of every individual sinner were lost, the distinctive shadows of his profile gone; and so, although the Pope could loathe evil, evil, under his reign, appeared to be a disembodied thing, the kind of thing all of us could join together in loathing with the confidence that we were never being asked to loathe something about ourselves.

Christ loved all men because He made them, and because they have it within their power to redeem themselves; John loved all men without apparent qualification, and his exuberant, sometimes even fussy, goodness, fashioned the thought of two historic encyclicals which excited the altruistic instincts of mankind without, however, settling any of those grim problems which, because that's the way the wheel was cast, survive the death of this great man.

One time, three years ago, when Henry Cabot Lodge was our ambassador to the United Nations, he found himself pleading, before the Security Council, for the release of American aviators who had been shot down for allegedly overflying Soviet territory. "I ask you, gentlemen," said Lodge addressing the Soviet delegation, and pointing to the anxious wives of the crew who were looking down from the galleries, "I ask you, gentlemen, to open up your hearts, and let the men you hold prisoner come back to their wives." Gromyko looked at Lodge as though he had gone quite mad. Nothing so preposterous had been urged upon Gromyko since, as a boy, he had been called upon to celebrate the Czar's birthday. *Quod licet Jovi, non licet bovi.* Pope John, in *Pacem in Terris,* asked the leaders and the people of the world to do exactly that, to open up their hearts; and when doing so, spoke with a heart so pure that the world was caught—temporarily—by surprise. Not long after *Pacem in Terris* came the Italian elections, and the apparent rebuke to the Pope. One million more Italians voted the Communist ticket. But those million new adherents, and even many of the oldtimers within the Party, might yet, *might,* we said, might

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yet prove to have a leavening influence on the Communist Party itself, a healthy influence, deriving from a conscience Pope John helped to awaken.

Will it happen? Will John's goodness melt ideology's heart?

We fear not. We fear, rather, that his efforts will have proved vain, that his political sense will prove to have been invincibly innocent, that his strategical coordinates were awry, that the enemy's cynicism will triumph over his altruism. We expect that only a return to the life of definition will equip us to resist the enemy as resolutely as the Pope resisted his adamant disease. But, paradoxically, in renewing the fight, and recovering our strategical balance, we can get sustenance from the valiant performance of the Pope, the human being. We can remember to keep our hearts open, to encourage the enemy whenever he shows any sign of moral or rational stirring; we can remember to have infinite faith in the infinite powers of the Definitive Ally; and to be joyful, and humble, in our personal lives.

Notes and Asides

Dr. Linus Pauling, who is suing NATIONAL REVIEW for one million simoleons, also brought suit a while ago against the *New York Daily News*, for yet another million. He charged that he had been exposed to "public hatred, contempt, ridicule, and obloquy" by the *News*, in an editorial which congratulated Linus Pauling on protesting Khrushchev's resumption of nuclear tests, and concluded that "it's nice to have [Pauling] on the American side for once, however belatedly and lukewarmly." The jury heard the evidence, weighed it, and found for the defendant.

Do you live in Tuscon, Phoenix, Los Angeles, Miami, Indianapolis, Lafayette, Louisville, New Orleans, St. Paul, St. Louis, K.C., Albany, Buffalo, Rochester, Utica, Tulsa, Cleveland, Columbus, Dayton, Springfield, Toledo, Philadelphia, Dallas, El Paso, Houston, Seattle, Spokane, Green Bay, or Milwaukee? Us, we've always wanted, when we retire, to settle down with our old ladies in either Tucson, Phoenix, Los Angeles, Miami, Indianapolis, Lafayette, Louisville, New Orleans, St. Paul, St. Louis, K.C., Albany, Buffalo, Rochester, Utica, Tulsa, Cleveland, Columbus, Dayton, Springfield, Toledo, Philadelphia, Dallas, El Paso, Houston, Seattle, Spokane, Green Bay, or Milwaukee. For many reasons, one of which is that *this* week, in these cities, this issue of NATIONAL REVIEW, with its striking cover by James O'Bryan, will be specially displayed. So please don't lose the opportunity to get an extra copy, or to get a friend to buy an extra copy. Thanks—and don't forget!!

For the Record

Lyndon Johnson now assured he can have Vice Presidential nomination in '64 if he wants it; with an anti-Kennedy revolt brewing in South, Johnson becomes important to ticket. . . . Louisiana House last week passed bill to allow selection of unpledged Presidential electors, an obviously anti-Kennedy move. Must still pass the Senate. . . . Prominently displayed in Wheat Belt since late May referendum, "Freedom not Freeman" bumper stickers. . . . A supposed-to-be-secret memorandum from Walter Reuther to Bobby Kennedy getting wide circulation: particularly anti-J. Edgar Hoover quotes and suggestion that rightist organizations be placed on Attorney General's subversive list.

East Germany's 2.5 million students ordered to enjoy "active recreation" instead of vacation this summer which, translated, means they'll attend military camps. . . . In 22 months since Wall went up, 1,100 East German soldiers have escaped to West. . . . Paul Hindemith, who has never before accepted any honorary international prize, has accepted 1963 Berlin Prize; turned the cash over to East German political refugees. . . . Students in Poland getting out of hand. They refused at Lodz to demonstrate against execution of the Spaniard Grimau and at Breslau to demonstrate against the new Iraqi government. . . . The Algerian government now announces that no foreigner can own land in Algeria. It plans also to confiscate large landholdings of native Moslems. . . . Of the 120,000 Frenchmen still in Algeria, 50,000 are expected to leave sometime this summer.

Closed congressional hearings have revealed that Soviet submarines are in trouble; at least six have had to be towed to home waters by Soviet trawlers. . . . Some Pentagon sources believe if U.S. anti-submarine warfare aid to Latin America were increased a net could be set up to catch Soviet U-boats exporting saboteurs and supplies from Cuba.

To get a marriage license in rodent-infested Indonesian town of Pokalongan, bride and groom must present birth records, a certain number of rupiahs and the cadavers of 30 rats.

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On the Right

The Call to Color Blindness

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

"Martin Luther King is a great man," James Baldwin said a week ago, "but he has come to the end of his rope." Baldwin is the Negro novelist and essayist and the principal catalyst of the policy of unconditional surrender (he wants the white population a) to give their power to the Negroes, b) to renounce their civilization, and c) to despise their God). He means that Dr. King has nowhere left to take his people by any of the conventional forms of protest. *"Look about you,"* Baldwin says in effect, *"and what do you see?* A Supreme Court that outlawed segregated schools nine years ago, and a South that is still 91 per cent segregated; a Chicago—far, far away from the South—where 90 per cent of Negro children go to schools that are preponderantly Negro."

Buckley

That is not the kind of progress that satisfies a man of the raw nervous temperament of James Baldwin: and so, with that crushing hortatory eloquence that no writer living today can successfully imitate, he calls for the total liberation of the Negro, for the end of Christian civilization, and, beginning immediately, for personal action by the President. Two weeks ago he proposed to Robert Kennedy that JFK personally escort the two Negro students scheduled to enroll at the University of Alabama on June 10 over the protest of Governor Wallace. Robert Kennedy is said to have laughed. This is no laughing matter, harrumphed the *New York Times.*

Indeed it isn't. It is a tragic matter, tragedy here defined as an irresistible force moving on collision course towards an immovable body. What Baldwin has asked for is nothing less than the *evanescence* of color. He wants the day to come—soon; if not by June 10, not long after; certainly within his lifetime—when color-consciousness will disappear, when you and I, entering a room, will not have noticed even at the time we leave, who there, if anyone, was black, who was white. Moreover, in pursuing his goal of an end to racial self-consciousness, his instrument is, of all things, racial self-consciousness. He wants a mobilized Negro community which will view all life as Baldwin does, with direct relation to the goal of absolute integration. Baldwin's Negro, every time he drinks a cup of coffee, must brood over the behavior of the white waitress who handed it to him—did she act unnaturally? Resentfully? Condescendingly? And every time he listens to Ella Fitzgerald sing, he must writhe in resentment over the racial tribulations that gave birth to the blues. In order to abolish a society of Blacks and Whites, it is necessary, Baldwin seems to be saying, for the Blacks to be 110 per cent Black.

Assuming we were willing to put the entire legal resources of this country at the disposal of James Baldwin, what would he do with them to eliminate race prejudice? In his poignant essay threatening the whites with The Fire Next Time unless we now reform, he cites two typical humiliations: one from his early childhood, when an Irish policeman in downtown Manhattan yelled at him to go back to Harlem "where the Niggers belong," another that happened to him only last year at age 38 when a bartender at the Chicago airport refused to serve him a drink, affecting not to be able to tell whether he was over eighteen. How can such meanness be cured by legislation?

The Nazis in occupied France had all the laws and all the machine guns on their side, and still they couldn't get the French to treat them like human beings. If there is a key to the problem of racial and tribal tensions, and Baldwin has it, certainly we should make it a part of our foreign aid program for export abroad. To teach Nehru how to bring freedom to the Untouchables, to teach the Kikuyu in Kenya respect for the Zulu, and the Xhosa of South Africa respect for the Panda, and the Asiatics throughout Africa understanding of the Bantu and vice versa. . . . Is it true there is no color line in Brazil, where the races have mixed for a hundred years? Tell it to the truly black Brazilian. . . .

What shall we do, in the new order to that policeman and that bartender? Shoot them? It is more to the point to shoot human nature, whence the troubles really come, but there seems to be no practicable way to do that. Pass a law that forbids bartenders from being rude to Negroes, and you have passed a law forbidding human beings from being human beings—such laws are not likely to make for the kind of Society which Negroes—or whites—would want to live in or to have struggled to achieve. Baldwin's counsel is bad, not only because he renounces Christianity, whose dogmas are the last bulwark against white supremacism, but because he is arousing appetites that cannot, simply cannot be sated. If I am born different—whether a Negro like Baldwin, a hunchback like Quasimodo, a beauty like Elizabeth Taylor, or a conservative like myself—I shall be treated "differently." Sometimes that difference should be cherished (it is a fact that here and there a young Negro lawbreaker is dealt with more tolerantly).

So long as the eye remarks the difference between black and white, existential differences, of greater or lesser consequence, but of meaning just the same, will exist. The job at hand is not to try to obliterate differences which only auto-hypnotic color blindness could achieve, but to stimulate man's capacity for love, and his toleration, understanding, and respect for other, different people. What is important about Baldwin is that he is a great artist, not that he is an evangelist of racial reconciliation. In the latter capacity he will, pursuing his present course, do great harm; in the former capacity, he has greatly raised the prestige of the Negro in the world of letters: that is a true step forward for his people.

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From Washington Straight

How Not to Stop Barry

CATO

What is so rare about these perfect June days is that Washington Liberals are perspiring freely about the threat of a conservative Republican Presidential candidate in 1964.

The collapse of Nelson Rockefeller sent Liberals into a panic. A desperation "Stop Goldwater" drive was launched last month, but it sank coming off the waves. George Romney didn't seem to have enough appeal to halt the Goldwater surge.

Cato

Then two weeks ago President Kennedy's chum, columnist Charles Bartlett, reported that a secret memorandum was being circulated among GOP brass showing that Romney was the man to beat Kennedy. The story, in the *Evening Star*, sent a number of pros scurrying to find Bartlett's source — because nobody apparently had seen the memo.

It's now clear that the memo was so secret it was never seen by anyone. Bartlett claimed it had been prepared by a research group at the University of Michigan, but the research group promptly denied all knowledge of the paper. Confronted with this denial, Bartlett told fellow reporters that the papers had been prepared by members of the staff of the University's polling group on their own time. But so far there's no evidence to support this allegation. Doubts about the story's authenticity are general since those who deny knowledge of the piece include Michigan National Committeeman John Martin and Romney himself.

Where did the story originate? Washington memories are not so short as to have forgotten that several months ago the White House was carefully nurturing the Rockefeller boomlet. Bobby Kennedy was telling his friends in the press corps that the Administration was "losing sleep" over the idea that Rocky might be the opposition candidate next year. This fear found its way into print and helped convince the press that Rocky had the nomination sewed up. With this maneuver in mind observers here have put the Bartlett column down as the opening gun of a White House-sponsored Romney campaign.

Surprisingly, there are some indications that General Eisenhower is having nothing whatever to do with the "Stop Goldwater" movement, even though some people close to him are deeply involved in it. The former President, some of his intimates report, is annoyed at stories linking him with the Romney forces. The General's primary aim, they say, is a Republican victory in 1964. One of the General's closest advisers has discreetly let it be known that he regards Goldwater as the only Republican who can beat Kennedy. The nature of this man's relationship to Ike is such that it would be impossible for him to take such a position if Eisenhower opposed Goldwater.

The campaign by left-wing extremists against conservatism has picked up steam. A group of Liberal congressmen (all Democrats and mostly freshmen) took the floor two weeks ago in a bitter attack on the ACA and its index. On the Senate side, the campaign is built around Senator Kuchel (R., Calif.) who has taken to reading horror letters from real kooks into the record as a smear tactic. Sample of "right-wing thought": "You seem to condemn those who point out that the Jews control every country in the world. . . . Don't be so hard on the Birchers."

While the attention of the press is focused on the Right, the Left plays its better-Red-than-dead war games. Rep. Robert Kastenmeier (D., Wis.) of *Liberal Papers* fame, has been running what Capitol wags call "Kastenmeier's kindergarten for left-wing causes"—his office being a flitting-off spot for the "war is unthinkable" thinkers. He recently invited congressional assistants to a briefing by Seymour Melman, a Columbia professor who wants to reduce the defense budget by a modest $22 billion. Melman told the assembled aides that the U.S. had accumulated a tremendous overkill capacity in the nuclear field. We should, he suggested, cease all research and weapons procurement of a nuclear nature, junk most of our AEC plants and military bases, and spend the money on useful projects like aid to education and vastly increased foreign aid. (The *Nation* lauds Melman's thesis, suggesting the slogan, "Billions for defense, not one cent for overkill.") Melman's performance led one Hill assistant to remark, "It certainly is refreshing to come across an economics professor whose knowledge of military strategy is greater than that of the entire Pentagon."

"Science," the official magazine of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, has performed a service for those who decry the American tendency to inflate Russian technological achievements. In an editorial inserted into the *Congressional Record* by Rep. John Rhodes (R., Ariz.) last week, the magazine analyzes the huge Western lead over the Russians in almost every area. The editorial concludes: "It is of interest to compare American and Russian competition in world markets in items involving science and technology. By this yardstick the Soviet Union is a third-class power. It is no match for Western Europe, the United Kingdom, or Japan."

Another article that has attracted attention here appeared in *International Science and Technology*. The author, leading British scientist Harold W. Thompson, was a recent visitor to Red China. He found that Red China is *not* conducting a vigorous research program; in fact, the Reds have barely begun to learn the use of modern scientific and technological tools. Thompson did, however, find evidence that the Red Chinese have a nuclear program, "perhaps under Russian guidance."

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The Third World War

Food and Revolution

JAMES BURNHAM

During the past five years the European Common Market has led the world in economic progress. Its rate of economic growth, well above both the Soviet and the American, has been rivaled only by Japan's. Since 1961 Italy's rate has considerably outdistanced that of her five partners; in 1962 it was, I believe, the highest in the world.

Burnham

Italy's economic advance is by no means just a matter of galloping statistics, nor confined, as is the Communist habit, to capital goods and other heavy industries. I have visited Italy regularly during the postwar period and I have seen with my own eyes—it is obvious enough—what analysis of the figures also confirms. In Italy *everything* has boomed, and the standard of living of *every* sector of the population—though still low in most cases relative to ours—has spectacularly risen. New housing, office buildings, factories, institutions are everywhere. The cities are clogged with cars. Beggars have very nearly disappeared. Sicily, for centuries a model of poverty, joined the party a few years ago. The southern mainland, with its meager resources, still lags, but its most acute economic problems have been at least lightened by the migration of several million persons to the flourishing industrial areas of northern Italy, Switzerland and West Germany.

No Facts, Please

The political result of the Italian economic boom? Two months ago the Communists added a million new votes in the general election; the two orthodox Marxian parties (PCI and PSI) became the major political formation in the country.

Again and yet again reality contradicts the theory of belly-Communism: that the advance of Communism is the result of adverse economic conditions, of poverty and hunger. What gives this belief so critical an importance is the fact that it has been the theoretical foundation for American foreign policy in relation to Communism. Since bad economic conditions breed Communism, our foreign policy directors reason, we will be able to prevent Communism or eliminate it by improving the economic conditions. (The logic as well as the facts, as it happens, is faulty.) To defeat Communism, therefore, let there be Point Fours, Agencies for International Development, Alliances for Progress, etc. Inside the Soviet Union too (*vide* Walt Whitman Rostow's *Stages of Economic Growth*), prosperity will do away with Communism's nasty features even if the name is kept for old times' sake.

Ten years ago, in *Containment or Liberation?*, I demonstrated that the facts conclusively refute the theory of belly-Communism. Year after year —and let us note in passing that Cuba had the second highest standard of living in Latin America—the refutation is confirmed and re-confirmed. But belief in the theory is immune to fact. Why so?

For two reasons, I think. First, because this belief is not in reality derived from fact or evidence, but deduced from ideology: from a vague economic determinism inherited both from classic laissez faire doctrine and from the "vulgar Marxism" that entered the American thought stream through Lincoln Steffens, Charles Beard, Vernon Louis Parrington and Gustavus Myers.

But, second, this belief that Communism springs from bad economic conditions and can be prevented or cured by improving economic conditions is the perfect excuse for evading the answers, much harder than dishing out foreign aid, that the Communist challenge actually calls for.

The primary active cause of Communism is Communists. To stop Communism or get rid of it, you've got to beat the Communists: which is never going to be done, food or no food, by "avoiding confrontation" abroad and granting them freedom to operate at home.

The primary passive cause, or condition, for the advance of Communism —and of subversive revolution more generally—is the failure of the governing elite to supply firm leadership and a clear, coherent policy, and failure to give the masses the impression that it knows where it is going and is prepared to take the necessary steps to get there. This failure usually expresses either a collapse of will or a division, or both, within the elite. A likely occasion for the failure comes when large and rapid changes are taking place in the social structure, as might happen from technological revolution, population explosion, military explosion or military defeat.

Who Will Lead the Leaders?

A sudden upsurge as well as an economic collapse can bring large and rapid changes. This has been the case in Italy, while at the same time the governing elite, politically organized for the most part in the Christian Democratic Party, has squabbled and floundered. Far from proudly taking credit for the economic successes and for the NATO alliance that has safeguarded Italy and Western Europe the Italian spokesmen have cravenly apologized for their foreign policy and in their domestic program have been offering proposals borrowed from the Marxists. Why, then, should the mass of voters have confidence in the leaders of a free, capitalist Christian Italy, if those leaders have no confidence in themselves?

(Or why should the peoples of Indonesia, Brazil *or* France have confidence that the American leaders can handle Khrushchev and Mao if they can't resolve to handle Castro?)

The history of this century is one long proof that even in the secular world man does not live by bread alone. Neither Stalin nor Mao nor Sukarno nor Nehru nor Nasser nor Jomo Kenyatta has given bread. Nor has any of them beaten his breast with guilt at ruling.

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Can Anyone Free Cardinal Mindszenty?

Just prior to Pope John's death, the Mindszenty case was coming to a head. He remains the symbol of implacable resistance to Communism and the true witness to it.

ALICE LEONE-MOATS

Rome

When Cardinal Mindszenty learned that the Vatican was trying to reach an accord with the Hungarian government for his liberty, he wrote a letter to a friend in Rome. It contained two lines: "Please let me know Cardinal Ottaviani's opinion. Does he think that I should stay or leave?"

The Hungarian Primate cannot have had much doubt that he would receive the answer he wanted. Ottaviani, the Secretary of the Congregation of the Holy Office, belongs to the conservative faction at the Vatican which follows Pius XII's hard line on Communism, and he would be sure to take the position that the martyred Cardinal's place is in Hungary, where he serves as a religious torch and a symbol of Western civilization's resistance to barbarism.

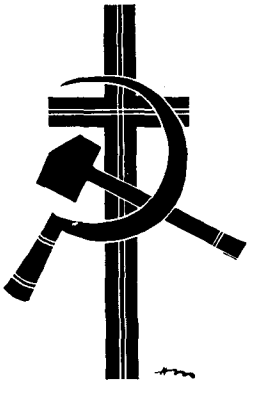
During the reign of Pius XII, Cardinal Mindszenty's presence in Hungary fitted in admirably with the Pope's inflexible policy. Now, however, that the "liberal" faction has gained the upper hand at the Holy See and flexibility is the order of the day, Mindszenty has become a stumbling block on the road to "peaceful coexistence." In today's political climate, he is the most unwanted man in the world. The Vatican doesn't want him; the Hungarian government doesn't want him; the U.S. State Department doesn't want him.

The Liberal prelates who are dictating the Holy See's policy favor not only a political, but also a religious opening to the Left. The political opening to the Left can hardly be described as a success after last month's elections in Italy, when the Christian Democratic party took a beating and the CPI picked up an extra million votes. In private conversations, the Communist leaders concede that their victory was handed to them by the Church which, with its ambivalent attitude towards Marxists, confused the Catholics into thinking it licit to vote Communist in protest against an inept government. In spite of that lesson, the pro-coexistence group at the Vatican persists in its view that the most effective system for combating Communism is to meet it three-quarters of the way.

A Modus Vivendi

In accordance with this tactic, preparations were being made to work out a *modus vivendi* for the Church behind the Iron Curtain in the period directly prior to the death of Pope John. The Vatican hoped to reach an accord not only with Hungary but with all the satellite countries in Eastern Europe as well, which could eventually serve as a model for an accord with the Red regimes in the Far East.

This meant that in countries like Czechoslovakia, where the Church has lost its rights and privileges, the state authorities would relax the crippling anti-Church laws while, in Poland, where the Church has more or less succeeded in holding its own, the ecclesiastical authorities would agree to having their rights and privileges curtailed. That explains why Cardinal Koenig went to Warsaw to consult Cardinal Wyszynski immediately after his interview with Mindszenty and why the Polish Primate then made a surprise visit to Rome. It also explains an item in *Kirchenblatt*, the official Catholic bulletin of Vienna, foretelling that Koenig would go to Prague to begin negotiations on Church-State relations. A joke going the rounds in Vatican circles says, "Cardinal Koenig is trying to re-establish the Austro-Hungarian Empire."



The solution of the Mindszenty case is the keystone of the over-all plan. No accord can be reached with the Kremlin, which must of course, give its *placet*, until Cardinal Mindszenty has been hustled off the scene. The photograph taken at his trial, showing the terrifyingly vacant eyes and limp hands that demonstrated how expertly Communist jailers could reduce a thinking human being to a helpless robot, has remained indelibly imprinted on the memory of an entire generation. He is living testimony to Communist *Schrecklichkeit*. He is the skeleton that makes a feast impossible.

In Madison Avenue parlance, the Hungarian Primate is the hot item in a package deal. So far, he has steadfastly refused to play his part. His detractors accuse him of being intransigent and stubborn, of having no political sense. His admirers assert that, under the circumstances, these defects are qualities. Defects or qualities—he has them. The Vatican's two emissaries, the Archbishop of Vienna, Cardinal Koenig, and the Undersecretary for Extraordinary Ecclesiastical Affairs in the Secretariat of State, Monsignor Casaroli, both discovered this during their meetings with him. They were also surprised to find, not the broken old man pictured in the Western press, but a tough, shrewd negotiator.

Although the Vatican has maintained the greatest reserve as to what was said during the conversations between its emissaries and Mindszenty, some indiscretions that have transpired from the Holy See make it possible to get a general idea of the stand

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taken by the Hungarian Cardinal. He would not consider any of the three solutions proposed by the Kadar government: 1. An official safe-conduct, in return for a Vatican guarantee that Mindszenty would never go back to his homeland. 2. Permission to retire to a convent in Hungary after renouncing his function as Primate. (The convent selected happens to be in the diocese of a bishop whom the Cardinal dislikes and distrusts!) 3. An explicit and public declaration of loyalty to the regime by Mindszenty in exchange for the government's recognition of his prerogatives as Primate.

He showed no greater enthusiasm for the suggestions put forward by the Vatican. They were based on a list drawn up during the Ecumenical Council by one of the three Hungarian bishops allowed to go to Rome —the other 14 were "impeded." As the helpful bishop was a "patriot priest," the Cardinal's negative reaction should not have been unexpected. Anyway, the proposals aren't of much use now because they hinged on a public declaration by the Kadar government that the Mindszenty trial was illegal. The government's face was to have been saved by stressing that the trial had been conducted by Stalinists. Last autumn, that could have served as an escape clause; since then, it has been substantially invalidated by Khrushchev's announcement, in his speech to Soviet intellectuals, that Stalin wasn't such a bad fellow, after all. However, it probably would not have been agreed to even last year because, although the top members of the Hungarian Communist hierarchy are Khrushchevians, the lower echelons are entirely composed of Stalinists.

The Cardinal Knows

Cardinal Mindszenty learned the hard way to understand the Communists. As a Monsignor from an Iron Curtain country puts it, "Unlike the priests in the Secretariat of State or the laymen in the foreign ministries of the Western democracies, he knows that appeasement can make no difference in the basic policy of the Kremlin, which is to destroy the Church and bury Western civilization. Soviet leaders accept a relaxation in tension only when they have to gain time, or when conditions behind the Iron Curtain impose the necessity of making a detour on the route to their ultimate goal."

The Cardinal knows what is taking place in Hungary. Living as he does in the American legation, he has access to foreign newspapers and magazines and so is better informed than

Joseph Cardinal Mindszenty

any other Hungarian priest about what is going on in the outside world. According to a Vatican source, his argument is: if the Communists are willing to make concessions in order to reach an over-all accord, it is a clear indication that the Church has shown a greater power of survival under persecution than they had expected. In Poland, where 98 per cent of the population is Catholic and the people's faith is strong, the Church is still a force to be reckoned with. In other countries, where the faith may not be quite so strong, the people have, nevertheless, remained pro-Church because they are anti-regime. This attitude won't persist unless the issues remain clear-cut.

Another indication that the Communists still fear the Church is to be found in their zealous endeavors to learn all there is to know about the Catholic religion. Like doctors, who are certain that they can find a cure for cancer once they discover what causes it, the Communists believe that when they have ferreted out the secret of the Church's hold on the people, they can destroy it. At the new university in Novosibirsk, there is a special department of psychology and psychiatry intended to prepare students to analyze religious fervor. At the University of Budapest, great stress is also laid on the study of psychology for this purpose. According to a Hungarian psychiatrist who left Budapest a month ago, it is "Rat Psychology," that is, based on the theory that human beings, like rats, react only to physical stimuli; therefore it isn't adapted to clearing up the mysteries of an ideology based on spiritual values.

He reports that astrology has also become a popular study behind the Iron Curtain. This is partly because, at the present time, the sun is in Pisces, which is Christianity's sign, but after the year 2000, it is due to enter Aquarius, Russia's sign, which is taken to mean that Russia will rule the world. Then too, astrology figured in the Chaldean religion, and the Communists have it all worked out that the more they know about the religions from which Christianity developed, the better they will be equipped to combat it in its present form. They aren't stopping there: they are busily engaged in research on Freemasons and other enemies of the Catholic Church, as well as the heresies that have shaken it during the past two thousand years.

Only a Vacuum Exists

The believers in the gospel according to Marx have not yet succeeded in creating an ideology of their own that satisfies the people; materialism can be convincing only when it offers the material advantages that the Communist economy cannot provide. So far, only a vacuum exists wherever religion has been eliminated. While nature abhors a vacuum, a totalitarian regime fears it, and it has been decided that it is safer to allow the Church to fill it temporarily. The Communists need time and they are willing to buy it by making a few concessions to the Church.

The Cardinal is thoroughly conversant with all these factors and it is said that he displayed great scorn for the concessions that have been made by the Communists as a means of establishing an atmosphere of coexistence:

1. Khrushchev's goodwill gesture last year in sending two Russian Orthodox priests as observers to the Ecumenical Council. According to

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L'Unita, this gesture was paid for with a Vatican pledge that the Council would make no open condemnation of Communism. 2. The liberation of Archbishop Slipyi, Primate of the Ukrainians, from a Soviet concentration camp where he had the job of cleaning latrines, and his subsequent shipment to Rome. (Cardinal Mindszenty may even have heard the rumors that Slipyi is not happy in the Eternal City, where his outspoken anti-Communism strikes a discordant note.) 3. The passports granted to a number of Hungarian and Czechoslovakian bishops so that they could attend the Council. (The majority of those allowed to go belonged to *Opus Pacis*, a government-controlled organization.) 4. The 70 Hungarian priests and four bishops let out of prisons and concentration camps who can't be of much use to the Church since most of them are shattered wrecks and none of them will be permitted to carry out his priestly functions. The Cardinal must have noted that they form a very small proportion of the 130 priests condemned to life imprisonment, the 300 priests and 3,500 members of religious orders sent to concentration camps, and the eight priests deported to the Soviet Union. 5. The offer to fill three vacant sees in Hungary. The government will prepare a list of priests from which the Vatican may make its choice. All the priests on the list belong to *Opus Pacis*, and the best the Holy See can do is pick out the three it considers least harmful. The Cardinal was of the opinion that, thus far, the real concessions had been made by the Vatican.

No Guarantee

He declared that the only legitimate reason for his leaving would be if his departure could enable the Holy See to receive an ironclad guarantee of better conditions for the Church in Hungary than those that now prevail. He felt that such a guarantee would be impossible to obtain: even if the Communists were prepared to keep their word, they could never risk the danger of allowing religious freedom.

A blueprint for the only *modus vivendi* that could ever suit Moscow was drawn up by Pius XII, and it still remains valid. In a speech made in 1949 he said: "It is well known what a totalitarian and irreligious state demands and expects from the Church of Christ as the price for its toleration and problematical recognition: a Church which remains silent when it should speak; a Church that weakens the law of God by adapting it to human wishes, when it should proclaim it loudly and defend it; a Church that detaches itself from the stable foundations on which Christ erected it to make itself comfortable on the shifting sands of the opinions of the day and to abandon itself to the popular current; a Church that does not resist the oppression of conscience and does not guard the legitimate rights and the just liberty of the people; a Church that, with indecorous servility, remains enclosed within the four walls of the temple, forgetful of the divine mandate, 'Go ye therefore and teach all nations.'"

In spite of the Cardinal's resistance, negotiations continue for the package deal, in the certainty that he will be unable to stand up under the pressures exerted upon him from all sides. At the Vatican, just prior to Pope John XXIII's fatal illness, it was taken for granted that he would arrive in Rome before the end of the summer. On the other hand a Monsignor who knows the Cardinal well maintains that it is impossible to make an accurate prediction. "It all depends on what he thinks is right," he says. "It might take him only twenty minutes to make up his mind to go, or it might take him twenty years." The Cardinal's final word to Monsignor Casaroli was that he would accept exile only upon receipt of a formal order signed by the Pope.

But now with the death of the Pope, the settlement of the Mindszenty case could be postponed for many months. Its outcome will depend to a large extent upon the attitude of John XXIII's successor.

But in bureaucratic fashion the negotiations continue. While this is being written, Ambassador George Kennan is in Budapest on what has been described as a "purely private visit." How private can the visit of a State Department Soviet expert be at this particular juncture? And, as he is a guest at the American legation, where he can't avoid running into Cardinal Mindszenty, it is even more difficult to believe that he is on a pleasure jaunt.

Mission to Budapest

On the day that Kennan arrived in Budapest, the *Corriere della Sera* ran a story, datelined Vienna, saying that American diplomatic sources had admitted unofficially that Kennan would be encountering Hungarian functionaries to discuss the Mindszenty problem and the betterment of U.S.-Hungarian relations. It added that these same sources revealed that the formula proposed for new Church-State relations by the Hungarian government included the nomination of an "apostolic administrator," who might be Archbishop Hamvas, if the Vatican were willing to overlook his membership in *Opus Pacis*. The Vatican may overlook it; Cardinal Mindszenty certainly won't.

Borghese magazine, on the other hand, has published a charge that the American government is ready to pay for the liberty the Cardinal has always refused, and has offered the Hungarian government $20 million for the Primate. This is what inflation has done to 30 pieces of silver!

Whether or not the payment of money forms part of Ambassador Kennan's mission, it can safely be assumed that he has been sent to Budapest to work on Cardinal Mindszenty. After the Vatican emissaries have failed, the State Department emissary is expected to persuade this Prince of the Holy Roman Church whose purple robes have been dragged in the mud, who has suffered torture, ignominy and imprisonment from the enemies of his faith, to endure the final indignity of being used as an object of barter by his friends.

It is a great deal to ask of the last fighter in the trenches of consistency who, while realizing that his days of active combat are over, continues to believe that he can still do his bit in the ideological war by serving as a martyr, a flag and a symbol. His tragedy is that martyrs, flags and symbols have gone out of fashion. Under the circumstances, he might not have his freedom in this world.

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Special Campus Report

Counterattack at Colorado

WARREN H. CARROLL

Six years ago when Quigg Newton became president of the University of Colorado it was, and was known as, a "ski school"—and a ski school was no place for the Liberal Democrat ex-mayor of Denver. He would create, he announced, a "Harvard of the West."

It did not take Quigg Newton long to learn that in new Harvards, as in old Harvards, control is divinely vested in the Establishment. But he was a politician, not an "educator," and although he could finance and administrate his Harvard, he lacked that Establishment party card, reputation. Reputation was just what the University's Liberals had to offer. And so a union was sealed, the Liberals giving him their benison and he, in turn, plighting them the trough.

By January 1962 ritualistic Liberalism had gained control of nearly every major department of the University, in many cases through the discharge of former departmental heads and deans by administrative fiat. The departments of political science, economics and sociology became, as usual, the Establishment redoubts. The one professor who opposed the takeover openly on ideological grounds, Dr. Edward J. Rozek, was bitterly attacked.

Taking Over

Urged on by a gaggle of faculty advisers, Liberal students took over first the University-subsidized student newspaper and with that, the student government. Whereupon they rewrote the student government constitution to set in motion a circular, self-perpetuating mechanism of control over both, and over the student-faculty Board of Publications. Each year the student newspaper endorsed a candidate for student body president, slanted campaign coverage in his favor, and got him elected. The new president then appointed the retiring editor of the newspaper, or other persons of his liking, to the student-faculty Board of Publications. The Board, at the behest of the retiring editor and with the votes of his representatives, then picked the next editor (ground rules: conservatives and fraternity men need not apply). The Board of Publications was made up of three students and three faculty members, at least one of the latter being the choice of the Liberal clique in the faculty senate. He, with the students, insured a majority necessary for perpetual Liberal control of the newspaper.

In a mere five years, Harvard-o'-West neared completion: student and faculty Liberals had firmly in hand the school's administration, government and internal communications. There was at that time, you will recall, a conservative revolution in process on the nation's campuses, but the Colorado student wouldn't have known about it, nor, in fact, that a non-Liberal point of view existed anywhere in space or time. YAF and ISI were unheard of in Boulder. When J. Stanley Dempsey, a law student, called a meeting in October 1961 to form a conservative club at the University, not one student showed up.

Then, one spring day, Barry Goldwater gave a speech on campus.

He was heard by over three thousand students (nearly a third of the student body, an unprecedented audience) after an incredible campaign of vilification led by the campus Young Socialists. Dr. Rozek, introducing the Senator, denounced the slurs as antithetical to the University's standards, and was himself vilified for his pains. One colleague ascended to cursing him—in the student newspaper.

Three weeks later the student Conservative Club was formed, with 25 members. Surveying the Liberal high ground, the club voted almost immediately to sponsor a weekly newspaper. Club members raised over $9,000 for the project, some of it donated by faculty members who dared not let their names be known and gave cash rather than checks.

University officials declined to furnish any financial support to the conservatives' newspaper unless it were placed under the Board of Publications. They grudgingly provided, however, a tiny office hidden behind the crafts shops and the freight elevator in the Student Union (filled with tiers of chicken coops they refused to remove) and granted permission for the distribution of the paper on campus. The following September, the first issue of the *New Conservative* appeared on schedule.

Two days later the established Liberal newspaper outdid its habitual abuse of conservatives by printing, obviously by considered editorial decision, a wild, rambling, hate-filled article by a beatnik philosophy student which called upon all to see Barry Goldwater for "what he is—not an abstraction or a depersonalized politician—a fool, a mountebank, a murderer, no better than a common criminal." They printed *that* in bold-faced type. This time the state and nation heard—because the editor of the *New Conservative* telephoned Senator Goldwater, obtained his demand for an apology, and broke the story in his second issue, simultaneously releasing it to the *Rocky Mountain News*.

The Alliance Crumbles

Colorado was then in the midst of an election campaign in which, among other things, two seats on the University's six-man Board of Regents were being contested. The Republican candidates, incumbent Charles D. Bromley and Dr. Dale M. Atkins, released scathing denunciations of the libel; and the Establishment's carefully structured alliance fell apart. For after two weeks of desperate attempts by University spokesmen and apologists to defend the libel, in one somersaulting day the Colorado Democratic candidates for governor, U.S. senator and congressman from the district including the University, and the *Denver Post* which supported them all, joined the general condemnation. Newton yielded. He agreed to fire the editor who had caused the libel to be printed, and to review the Board of Publications system. (A special committee later *did* review the Board system—and found that the *New Conservative* should be placed under it.)

By these actions Newton lost the support of the University Liberals

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who insisted that no punitive action against the editor was defensible.

Bromley and Atkins, demanding Quigg Newton's removal from the presidency, were elected by large majorities. The ex-managing editor of the Liberal paper wrote an acrimonious letter to Atkins explaining in detail how much he hated both Atkins and his country, and that he had learned to hate America at the University of Colorado. Quigg Newton released bits of this letter, excluding the part relating where the student had learned to hate America, to the friendly press. The *New Conservative* obtained and printed the full text of the letter. One week later Quigg Newton handed in his resignation.

Victory? On this issue, yes. But survival for the *New Conservative* and similar enterprises across the country is dearly won. Progress beyond survival, without outside help, is quite an assignment for twenty- and twenty-one-year-olds.

Fresh Wind in Illinois

DAVID YOUNG and ROBERT AULER

Although Liberals publicly characterize the upsurge of the Right as the proliferation of subversive groups which either paint swastikas or try to ban books from libraries, what is really causing hypertension in the overextended capillary system of the Establishment is the rise of conservatism in the nation's colleges. In the past Liberalism looked on the campus as its empire, where it placed its proconsuls, recruited troops for further expansion, and tolerated all shades of opinion from Marx to Samuelson. Initial rebellions in the provinces were documented by M. Stanton Evans in his *Revolt on the Campus*. The winds of change continue to blow, as evidenced by the hurricane damage suffered by the Liberal installations at the University of Illinois.

Things As They Were

Four years ago Liberals felt as securely in control at the huge Champaign-Urbana campus as did the Belgians in the Congo. The student newspaper carried ultra-Liberal student columnists, and Walter Lippmann and Pogo as representatives of right-wing thought. Readers were regularly bombarded with pleas for various causes in the name of World Opinion; the prevailing cosmology allowed for the existence of two absolutes—the absolute virtue of the National Students Association (NSA), and the absolute evil of HUAC. Conservatism was represented to be an alien force in an ethos of sports cars and free thought.

The shot heard 'round the Champaign world was fired when a group of "reactionary" student senators succeeded in getting the question of Illinois' membership in NSA put to a vote. When that revolt was crushed successfully, the Lord Norths of central Illinois settled back into their policy of salutary neglect of radical opinion.

Mutterings were again heard during the 1960 election, when John Kennedy campaigned in Champaign. "Kennedy Go Home" signs were disturbingly evident, and the hoots and catcalls suggested that the masses were not in step with the elite. These fears were confirmed when a poll of students showed a two-to-one preference for Nixon.

During the 1960-61 school year, the group of campus conservatives who had led the unsuccessful attempt to withdraw from NSA formed the first conservative political party in recent Illinois history. Although the Illini Party, as it was called, was short-lived, it laid the groundwork for future conservative organization. The following fall a number of prominent student conservatives formed the Conservative Coordinating Council. Francis Graham Wilson, nationally known political scientist and conservative, became the group's sponsor. Other prominent faculty members joined the Council—a permanent group of advisers to the changing student membership of eight.

First victory for the Council came with the Great Debate series. NATIONAL REVIEW editors Wm. Buckley, Frank Meyer and Willmoore Kendall spoke in the debates, along with William Henry Chamberlin, David McCord Wright, and Gerhart Niemeyer. Attendance at the oratorical duels astounded the campus, reaching a peak of 3,500 when Wm. Buckley debated Carey McWilliams Jr. The Council shrewdly anticipated victory, and broadcast the debates to 5,000 residents of the University's dormitories. Even the student newspaper, the *Daily Illini*, conceded that the conservatives had won the series.

The Council began publication of a monthly newspaper, the *New Voice*, which has become the unofficial journal of conservative thought on the campus. The *Daily Illini* now publishes two conservative columnists, besides carrying Wm. Buckley's weekly syndicated column "On the Right."

Confrontation

A great confrontation with the Liberals came during the elections last fall. Conservative Congressman William Springer (R., Ill.) was running for re-election against pacifist Robert Wilson, incongruously dubbed "Fighting Bob." The Cuban crisis intensified the jellification process that had been softening local Liberal spines, and produced great Liberal enthusiasm for Wilson. Conservatives reacted with determination to see Representative Springer returned to office. Champaign bubbled with political activity as campus Liberals and conservatives plunged into the contest. The results showed a gratifying three-to-two margin for Springer. Another sign that the Liberal hegemony was in peril came with the surprising election of Council member Jim Hendrick to the presidency of the student senate—a result greeted in Liberal *kaffeeklatsches* with the same enthusiasm that George III showed for the Boston Tea Party.

The growth of conservatism has forced organization of a new conservative group—the Illini Conservative Alliance—which will allow all campus conservatives to join—unlike the Council. The Alliance will serve as the acting entity, with the Council serving as the board of directors.

It would be premature to predict a complete transformation of the political situation at Illinois. The Old Order is shaken, but it continues on, sustained by its own inertia.

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Principles and Heresies

The Negro Revolution

FRANK S. MEYER

So loaded with ideology and sentimentality is the discussion of Negro-white relations in America today that any critical examination of Negro demands and Negro action has become suspect. To approach these problems in any terms but the terms of established egalitarian clichés seems to mean just about automatically that one will be labeled a "segregationist," a "racist," or worse.

Meyer

The events of the past few weeks, however, have raised the issue to so dangerous a level that, at whatever risk of being misrepresented, it has become urgent to go beyond the undoubted wrongs suffered by American Negroes and the undoubted justice of some of their aspirations, to the overarching requisites of a free and ordered polity. These weeks have seen the coming to a head of what, without exaggeration, can be called a revolutionary situation.

Encouraged by the actions of the President and the Supreme Court, inflamed by the unmeasured and apparently unlimited demands of a leadership ranging from Malcolm X and James Baldwin, through Martin Luther King to the emulatively radicalized bureaucracy of the NAACP and the Urban League, spearheaded by organized rioting masses, a typical modern revolution would seem to be in the making. The grievances of a section of the population are being stirred to feverish heights by ideologues who direct the impact of the forces they have called into existence in such a way that the one certain result of their "success" would be destruction of the constitutional order. Meanwhile, those responsible for the maintenance of that order are so bemused by Liberal ideology that they cooperate in its destruction.

Consider the combination of demagogic threats, Presidential actions and judicial decisions we have been witnessing. The threats range from open ultimata issued by Negro leaders to the white community, invoking rioting and violence unless it accedes to vaguely stated and unlimited demands, down the line to solemn pronouncements from the Secretary of State that unless we acquiesce in these demands our stance against Communism will be fatally weakened. The Presidential and judicial actions range from the invasion of a sovereign state by federal troops in order to terrorize local law-enforcement agencies, which have quite successfully and humanely suppressed mob action, to denial of protection to property owners against trespass and violence, to refusal even to hear the suit of a sovereign state in its attempt to vindicate the constitutional separation of powers.

I would not be misunderstood. I know that the Negro people have suffered profound wrongs—not least in their original enslavement by Northern merchants and Southern plantation owners. But those wrongs cannot be righted by destroying the foundations of a free constitutional society, which is indeed the only basis upon which a joint and lasting solution of their problems is possible. Furthermore, I assume the innate value of every created human being and the right of every American citizen, enshrined in the Constitution, to equal treatment before the law. But for the enforcement of that right there exist prescriptive legal modes—by the use of which enormous advances had been made before the developments of this past decade transformed orderly progress into a clash of communities.

The social, cultural and economic relations of the races, however, are another matter. The multifarious adjustments of the relations of human beings—sensitive and delicate, and above all individual in their essence—can never be regulated by governmental power without disaster to a free society. *Laws* enforcing segregation have always been a monstrosity; and *laws* forcing private citizens to regulate their behavior in an opposite manner, that is, laws against segregation and FEPC laws, are an equal monstrosity. The fact is, however, that segregation laws are today largely dead letters and rapidly becoming completely so, while the reverse interference of government is growing apace.

This problem is one which in the end can only be solved (as Mr. Garry Wills has recently stressed in these pages) by personal encounters in charity. Inevitably when—as now seems to be happening—a single set of wrongs is raised to an absolute, and all the accumulated political wisdom of a civilization and a nation is tossed aside in the name of righting those wrongs, an atmosphere of revolution is created, such an atmosphere as made it possible for the abolitionist William Lloyd Garrison to call the Constitution "a covenant with death and an agreement with hell."

We are approaching that pitch of frenzy. In the name of Negro rights, under the pressure of rioting mobs, intemperate demagogues and rampant ideology, we are in train of depriving private citizens of the protection of their property; of enjoining, under threat of federal armed power, the police power from preserving order in our communities; of disrupting and catastrophically lowering the standards of an already enfeebled educational system; of destroying the constitutional separation of powers, abrogating the sovereignty of the states and yielding unlimited power to a Presidency served by an ideologized Supreme Judiciary.

The situation is becoming starkly revolutionary and devastatingly dangerous. It is time for sober men of both races to take counsel and establish a consensus that will satisfy the claims of justice *in consonance with the constitutional guarantees of freedom and order*—and for the Congress, exercising its constitutional powers, to implement that consensus.

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Special Report

Berkeley Discriminates

RICHARD S. WHEELER

On April 2, the citizens of the campus community of Berkeley, California narrowly defeated a hotly-contested "Fair Housing Ordinance" that would have made illegal any refusal to rent or sell dwelling units for reasons of race, color, religion or national origin. To enforce it, a controversial, broadly-empowered Board was to be appointed. The ordinance was originally enacted by the city council, but a petition forced it into a referendum, and the deep political passions it stirred up eventually brought a record 83 per cent of the voters of Berkeley to the polls.

In retrospect, it is amazing that the law came as close as it did to passing. It was more than a bad law: it was a radical departure from established legal practice. It came so close because many people mistakenly presumed it to be an expression of high moral principle, while opposition to it was denounced as either legalistic or implicitly racist.

Traditionally, in law, only a person's act, or his failure to act, can result in his conviction and punishment. Under the proposed law, the act of turning someone away was either legal or illegal, depending on what the *motives* were. It would be legal to refuse to rent to someone because he was a bad risk or a moral derelict; it would be illegal to refuse to rent to the same person for reasons of race, color, religion or national origin. But who is to say with certainty what a man's motives are?

Apparently the framers of the ordinance were well aware of the legal difficulties they were stepping into. In order to circumvent this, they resorted to an ingenious but mischievous device. They simply provided that "any person who shall in any manner willfully violate any order of compliance made by the Board shall be guilty of a misdemeanor and upon conviction thereof be punished by a fine not exceeding Five Hundred Dollars or by imprisonment not exceeding six months, or both. . . ."

Thus, the act of refusing to rent or sell to someone for reasons of race, etc., was not itself punishable; but the failure to comply with an order of the Board was punishable. It follows that, under these terms, the only matter a court would have to decide was whether the landlord had complied with the Board's order —a relatively easy thing to ascertain.

This procedure left a great deal of discretion to the Board, which had therefore to exercise considerable authority. The Board would have the power to investigate, to conciliate, to hold hearings, to order compliance with the law, and to present evidence to the District Attorney. It did not need to adhere to the rules of evidence, or to bring a unanimous verdict; and its function precluded any appeals to a superior court. The Board, moreover, by its very nature was not neutral: it could act only against landlords, and was empowered to initiate actions on its own behalf. Yet the Board, rather than a court, was exclusively empowered to decide whether a landlord violated the ordinance!

In Practice

The injustice inherent in the Board's procedures and powers was compounded by the near impossibility of implementing the law as it was actually written. Suppose a landlord were to claim that he turned away a Negro couple because they didn't meet the moral standards required of his tenants. In order to rule on a complaint from the couple, the Board would have to ascertain, by investigation, their moral character as well as the relative moral character of the already established tenants—a tedious and even preposterous business. Again, the landlord might refuse accommodations because a given Negro was a bad financial risk—in which case the Negro's and the tenants' financial records would have to be thrown open for examination. Clearly, long and costly investigations would be necessary.

In all probability the Board would be forced to abandon the letter of the law and construct its own criteria for determining whether a landlord's actions were legal or illegal; for example, what history he had of renting or not renting to Negroes, regardless of his reasons. Such extra-legal procedures would hasten the Board's work day, but at the cost of generating bitterness among whites who felt their intentions had been misread, and among Negroes who were sick of defending their presumptive integrity.

Now consider this: the ordinance provided that the aggrieved party had to file his complaint against a landlord within 60 days after the alleged act of discrimination occurred. It further provided that an "action may be brought in the name of the City of Berkeley in any court of appropriate jurisdiction for restraint of such violation [of the ordinance] and for other equitable remedies, including such affirmative relief as may be necessary to undo the effects of the violation."

Suppose that a landlord turned away a Negro and an hour later rented his vacant apartment to a white couple. Suppose further that the white couple and the landlord negotiated a lease and that the white couple thereupon moved in their furniture and set up housekeeping. Now suppose the Negro filed a complaint some weeks later; that the Board adjudged the landlord guilty of violating the ordinance, and that the City of Berkeley brought action in court to relieve the Negro.

What would happen? Obviously the judge would throw the wholly innocent third party, the white couple, out of their home, and a legal snarl would ensue. Under such conditions, landlords would be extremely timid about renting their premises for 60 days after they had turned away a Negro, which, of course, would be a costly business for the community.

No law ever devised can attack the right thing, which is sometimes called prejudice, sometimes called simply the desire to associate with those one conceives as one's own kind. The Berkeley ordinance would have achieved nothing for the ends of racial harmony.

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From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

Davidson Against Leviathan

In the pages of *The American Scholar* a few years ago, this writer named Mr. Donald Davidson's *The Attack on Leviathan* as the most important neglected book of this century. It was published in 1937; a few months thereafter, and after a few hundred copies had been sold, the edition was pulped. So this book has been exceeding rare; among my favorite works of my college days, only one has had a harder fate—Mr. Gilbert Chinard's *Honest John Adams*, which is almost unobtainable.

Kirk

To my astonishment, a few weeks ago I received a new copy of the book. It has appeared in a new printing, unaltered from the original edition, published by Peter Smith, Gloucester, Massachusetts. There is nothing in it, really, that requires amendment.

Wide-Ranging Discourse

Twice before on this page, I have sung the praises of Professor Donald Davidson, poet, critic, historian, and philosopher. He is one of the best writers in these United States, and one of the most courageous and learned men. He comments convincingly on almost everbody—Charles Beard, Frederick Jackson Turner, the Social Science Research Council, *The American Review*, T. S. Eliot, Robert E. Lee, Virginius Dabney, Howard Odum, John Taylor of Caroline, H. G. Wells. And though the essays in this volume range so widely in title, the book seems almost a systematic discourse; there is no loss of continuity.

Its subtitle is "Regionalism and Nationalism in the United States." Centralizing nationalism, Mr. Davidson declares, is of necessity tyrannical and sterile. For a specimen of his method and style, take this, in his chapter on American literature. Davidson has been speaking of Emerson:

> In our own time, the metropolitan critics are making national prescriptions that are equally partial, though somewhat more confused. In one sentence they assure us that the industrial unification of America is desirable and inevitable; but in the next sentence they declare that the civilization thus produced puts upon us an intolerable spiritual bondage from which the artist cannot escape save through the shibboleths of Marxianism and Freudianism. Wearily, they proclaim that America is standardized; but angrily they scorn the rural backwardness of regions that prove to be, after all, less urban than New York. Confidently they announce that America must be industrialized; but they sneer at Mr. Babbitt of the Middle West, the creature of industrialism. They urge the provinces to adopt the intellectual sophistication of the Eastern metropolis; but among themselves they bewail the poverty of the modern temper, which in its sophistication has left them nothing to enjoy.

Could one write, in 1963, a better description of such American intellectuals? One might substitute, of course, "the industrial unification of the world" for that of America.

Never did Southerners need such words as those of Davidson more than they require them today. In part, the present agony of the South is in consequence of the sorry fact that Davidson and his friends were not much read, North or South. The South has been alternately patronized and denounced since Franklin Roosevelt first took office—but never understood, or allowed to make its voice heard. What Mr. Davidson wrote a quarter of a century ago is truer still now:

> Can principles enunciated as Southern principles, of whatever cast, get a hearing? . . . It seems to be a rule that the more special the program and the more remote it is from Southern principles, the greater the likelihood of its being discussed and promulgated. Southerners who wish to engage in public discussion in terms that do not happen to be of common report in the New York newspapers are likely to be met, at the levels where one would least expect it, with tactics of distortion, abuse, polite tut-tutting, angry recrimination, and so on down to the baser devices of journalistic lynching which compose the modern propagandist's stock in trade. This is an easy and a comparatively certain means of discrediting an opponent and of thus denying him a hearing. It is also a fatal means. For if such approaches to public questions are encouraged and condoned, then confusion has done its work well, the day of free and open discussion of ideas is over in the South, only matters of crass expediency can come into the public forum at all, and we face the miserable prospect of becoming the most inert and passive section of the United States, or else of falling into blind and violent divisions whose pent-up force will hurl us at each other's throats. Then will Jefferson's prophetic vision come true. We shall take to eating one another, as they do in Europe.

Contra Utopia

Southerner and Tennessean Mr. Davidson is, of course (everyone ought to read his two volumes on *The Tennessee*, in the "Rivers of America" series); but his regionalism, his social principles, and his literary understanding are equally applicable to every region of this country. He appreciates New England, the Great Plains, and the other distinct territories of America: what he detests is "the twentieth-century proletarian cosmopolis" (Sir Osbert Sitwell's phrase), centralization of power in Washington, D.C. and New York, and the prospect of a World State.

Your servant writes these lines at three in the morning, after planting some hundreds of little evergreens this day upon his barren ancestral acres at Mecosta, Michigan. I am a Northerner of Northerners. But what survives of the old life of Michigan, and what remains of the old ways of Tennessee, stand allied against the grim gray uniform domination of the utopian centralizers—the dreary present and future which Mr. Davidson symbolizes as "the Long Street."

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The Facts Are In

F. D. COHALAN

The four outstanding events in Irish history before the re-establishment of national independence in 1922 are the mission of St. Patrick, the English Conquest, the English Reformation and the Great Famine. Of these the fourth determined the fact, and the first the character, of the massive emigration that had such momentous consequences for England and America, and for the Catholic Church throughout the English-speaking world. The others determined very largely the welcome the emigrants received.

The Famine itself has long been a stumbling block to historians. Apart from the difficulty of describing it adequately, how is so great a disaster to be explained, and on whom does the blame for not fighting it more effectively rest? To many Irish nationalists the answer is obvious: the English government saw a chance to weaken Ireland and made only a half-hearted attempt to cope with a calamity they secretly welcomed. To many English writers the answer is equally obvious and quite different: the blame rests on the Irish themselves with their improvident character and incapacity to manage their own affairs. What has been needed is a detailed account of the Famine, its causes and consequences, placing them in the proper context, written without bias—and preferably by an English Protestant. That need is met by Mrs. Woodham-Smith's authoritative and absorbing book.

The Great Hunger, by Cecil Woodham-Smith. Harper, $6.95

In 1845, on the eve of the Famine, Ireland was, as usual, in a distressing condition. In the forty-fifth year of the Union with England and the ninth of the Victorian Age, most of her people lived in a state of wretchedness unique in Europe. Forty-five per cent of the land holdings were under five acres, and only 7 per cent were over thirty. Holdings under one acre, which ran to hundreds of thousands, were not counted. Ten years earlier, a government report showed that for thirty weeks a year 2,385,000 people were unemployed. Another 1,131,000 lived on not more than two shillings a week. Except in Ulster, where Tenant Right prevailed, the tenants were at the mercy of the landlords. Nearly half the people lived in one-room, windowless, mud cabins. About four million lived on the potato, which provided abundant, cheap food and needed little care. The population (c. 8,200,000 in 1841) was increasing rapidly and had almost trebled since 1779. There was little hope of industrial expansion.

The explosive possibilities of the situation were well known to the government, and were underscored by the Devon Commission Report in 1845. Since 1800 no less than 114 official Commissions and 61 Special Committees had reported on the state of Ireland. Wellington himself said, "There never was a country in which poverty existed to the extent it did in Ireland." Disraeli said that on arable land the population was denser than in China. The main cause of the misery was the mal-distribution of land due to the successive confiscations of the preceding three centuries. Any substantial improvement would have required government intervention on a massive scale, which was politically impossible. England was governed by the aristocracy and the upper middle class, and Parliament would never have passed laws to modify or undo the property settlement the Union was intended to preserve. The Irish could do nothing for themselves. O'Connell's constitutional agitation, which had extorted Catholic Emancipation in 1829, had collapsed in 1843 when the government banned his Repeal meeting at Clontarf. The Young Ireland movement, founded in 1842 and believing in force, was to prove utterly ineffectual. United in an artificial political union, the two nations were divided by religion, culture, race and economic interest as well as by their vividly remembered past relations. Disaster seemed inevitable—but when?

When disaster came in September 1845, in the form of the potato blight from North America, it was not recognized at once. There had been more than twenty substantial but partial failures of the potato crop since 1728. The latest proved to be the worst in extent and duration, and caused the greatest famine ever seen in Western Europe. In four years, about 1,500,000 died of famine or disease and about 1,000,000 emigrated. In spite of all warnings, the government was unprepared. The making and control of English policy during the Famine fell largely to Charles Trevelyan, a capable civil servant who was a firm believer in laissez faire, and totally unsympathetic with Ireland. He was inflexibly determined to keep government intervention and especially expenses to the irreducible minimum, and met little serious disagreement from his colleagues. He believed the real evil in Ireland was not the Famine, which he persistently underestimated, but "the selfish, perverse and turbulent character of the people."

Mrs. Woodham-Smith gives an absorbing account of the progress of the Famine, the erroneous and sometimes absurd scientific diagnoses and remedies; the inadequate medical care; the great generosity of the British Relief Association and the Quakers; the good conduct of some of the landlords; the gross mismanagement of the public works program, so closely supervised by Trevelyan,

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on which a laborer could earn ten pence a day with which to buy one meatless meal for a family of six people; the activities of the profiteers; the removal from Ireland, to pay the rent, of large quantities of food, and the terrible scenes caused by starvation and the diseases that followed in its train. Hardly less terrible were the sufferings of many of the emigrants. Her readers cannot escape three conclusions: no one could possibly have prevented immense suffering; much more could have been done by the richest government in Europe; more would have been done if the Famine had occurred in Scotland or Wales.

Fiction

The Lore of Living

ROBERT BEMIS

THE NOVEL GLORIES in the ways of its creators, in the commonplace, daily problems of middle-class living. Unless it wears the disguise of a poetic form (epic or allegory, for example), the novel's substance is the obvious; the measure of its excellence the extent to which it makes the obvious illuminating; its surest strength its success in calibrating and summing up the serpentine shifts of the ordinary, joining the accidental rhythms of life in an assignation with permanence. The three novels at hand admit no dishonor in dealing with the lore of the commonplace: sex, love and marriage. Each of these authors meets the demands of the genre: Saikaku, by combining vivid realism of surface with a fine poetic facility; Fuller, by tracing the intricate linkage of the circuits of memory with honest simplicity and sympathy; and Miss Calisher, most beautifully, by engaging delicate perception and rock-hard prose to record the secret arcs in which life repeats the obvious and subtly deceives.

The Life of An Amorous Woman, by Ihara Saikaku. Edited and translated by Ivan Morris. New Directions, $5.50

The Corridor, by Edmund Fuller. Random House, $3.95

Textures of Life, by Hortense Calisher. Little, Brown, $4.75

The Life of An Amorous Woman, first published in Japan in 1686, presents, in a series of vividly colored episodes, the tale of the wreck of a maid too well-versed in love. It is a celebration of Japan's newly-risen rich merchant class, and a manual of etiquette and stratagems for those tenacious, unattached ladies who would try unrelentingly to succeed in the Floating World of the great city's gay places.

The superficial fascination of Saikaku's work for the Western reader is the ease with which it lends itself to comparisons with Defoe's *Moll Flanders*. The Lady in question, garrulous, energetic, built for wear and tear, is, if it can be imagined, an oriental Moll, dressed in a Shimada hairdo and Ryumon silk kimono. To a background music of the click of the merchant's abacus, she alternately bewails the insatiability of her sexual appetites and goes happily about her business.

Saikaku admires his Lady's economic ingenuity and physical capacities. But his task, and that of his age, is to work towards a definition of a practical middle-class morality, and he is firm in his warning that, while it is all very well to escape the strictures of feudalism and Buddhism, mere carnal love ("the mutual embrace of stinking bones"), unrelieved by tender emotions, brings certain degradation.

The novel is presented here in extracts and—inevitably—suffers for it. Still, Saikaku's wonderful verbal economy does survive translation, and his ability to sketch a scene with the sure, swift strokes of a calligrapher gives his tale a painterly polish that is missing in other novels of the same period. Two scenes are especially memorable: one in which the Lady dreams of her 95 unborn children, all dressed in lotus-leaf hats and stained with blood; and the other in which she enters a temple to repent and sees in the bronze Buddhas on the altar the faces of 500 of her lovers.

Saikaku is concerned with the commonplaces of middle-class life, but the time and space that separate him from the Western reader lend, perforce, an exotic tone to his work. Edmund Fuller's *The Corridor* is set on firmly familiar ground: a small college town in New England. His characters are Malcolm Adamson, a history professor, and his wife Jean. The active core of his story is Jean's fight for life after a difficult miscarriage. Relegated, helpless, to the hospital corridor, Malcolm reviews the history of his marriage in an effort to understand its present meaning.

What he discovers in the corridors of his own mind is the awful paradox of a simultaneous desire for opposites: a tendency to be satisfied with mere excitement of the heart and passions and a yearning for intellectual and spiritual satisfaction. It is, of course, the obvious tension, no doubt (as Fuller suggests) the very thing that sustains the vitality of the middle class. It is a tension that hardly existed for Saikaku's Lady, whose concern for piety and morality were sometime considerations for the days between lovers.

Malcolm accepts this tension of opposites, finding in its pain and imperfections a way of abnegating the fantasy of "ideal marriage" and perceiving the real sources of affirmation: his wife's independent strengths, their children, an awareness that it is not the single choice but the pattern of repetition of choices that bears watching.

HORTENSE CALISHER'S *Textures of Life* is rich in insight and skilfully constructed. It is not "an eminently readable" book, but rather one for the reader who savors a Henry James's verbal intricacy and a Virginia Woolf's mystic awareness of the submerged rhythms of life.

The substance of her plot is the early years of the marriage of two New Yorkers, David and Elizabeth Pagani. In her examination of the way middle-class people find a satisfactory balance of interests and objectives, Miss Calisher directs her attention toward the relationship of two generations: grateful parents who give their children everything, even the right to call them unspiritual, and demanding children who experience first the centripetal, then the centrifugal forces of growing.

In time, with a child, an apartment

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and the inevitable accretion of possessions, David and Elizabeth come to accept the frightening absolutes and bothersome particulars, to see that the context of the past need not be beautiful, only accepted as the way we all have to live. They perceive that they are no longer uncomfortable in the safety of knowing at last what they are going to be. It is not the end of everything for them, simply no longer the beginning.

Of the three authors, Miss Calisher delights most openly in the implications of the obvious. All of her paragraphs are good. But the best are those devoted to the attitudes of a room, the way a room, with all its objects, can look brittle when furnished by only one generation, or can, like a lair of perceptions not yet encountered, contain something almost palpably inimical to its inhabitants. Rooms can be the metaphors of middle-class life, as Miss Calisher knows and so successfully shows.

Random Notes

● MOVIES: The Hollywood Museum moves along with its plan to establish a library of films. Its financing sounds like the cost of a global war, but its early projects are sane and scholarly: to reprint on acetate some 4,000 movies now on flammable nitrate, and to buy from the U.S. National Park Service 77,000 feet of film made by Thomas Edison from 1896 onward. Sol Lesser is the Museum's president. . . . Warner Bros. undertakes a wide-screen, color rollicker: *The Great Race*, an account of a turn-of-the-century race (Edwardian machines! Goggles! Dusters!) around the world. Burt Lancaster and Jack Lemmon will drive. . . . *Yawn and despair*: La Taylor and Richard Burton are said to be considering a filmed *Camelot*. . . . Ernest Freud, the fortuneteller's son, has asked John Huston to label his *Freud* a work of fiction. "No person portrayed in this film bears a true resemblance to any person of the same name," and so on. Who says Hollywood is bogged down in realism? . . . For those who take their hokum straight, we note the up-and-coming *Werewolf in a Girls' Dormitory* and *King Kong vs. Godzilla*. . . . The Italian producer Carlo Ponti announces he's laying aside $10,000,000 and three years to film *Dr. Zhivago*. . . . And Mr. Brando announces his retirement from all play acting.

● PRIZES: The Gold Medal for Poetry of the National Institute of Arts and Letters has been posthumously awarded to Dr. William Carlos Williams, who died on March 4, this year. The poet's widow will accept the award at a joint meeting of the National Institute and the American Academy of Arts and Letters. . . . Francis Russell has been awarded the Edgar Allan Poe Prize for the best factual study of crime in 1962, *Tragedy in Dedham* (McGraw-Hill). . . . Flannery O'Connor has won first prize among the O. Henry Awards for this year with her short story "Everything That Rises Must Converge."

● BOOKS: Random House announces for June the last novel of Isak Dinesen, *Ehrengard* ($3.95). . . . Yevgeny Yevtushenko's *A Precocious Autobiography*, excerpts from which recently got the swan of the Bolsheviks into hot water and knocked sidewinding his American visit later this year, will be published soon by Dutton. . . . Eliot Porter, the photographer whose *In Wildness Is the Preservation of the World* has been deservedly praised as one of the most beautiful of books, has brought out another collection in the same format, *The Place No One Knew: Glen Canyon on the Colorado* (The Sierra Club of San Francisco, $25). . . . For students of fiction and readers in general: William Freeman's *Dictionary of Fictional Characters*, listing 20,000 imaginary folk (Dent, $3.50). . . . Oxford announces the forthcoming publication of the first complete edition of the plays of Charles Williams, including two hitherto unpublished ones, *Terror of Light* and *The Three Temptations*. Introduction by John Heath-Stubbs.

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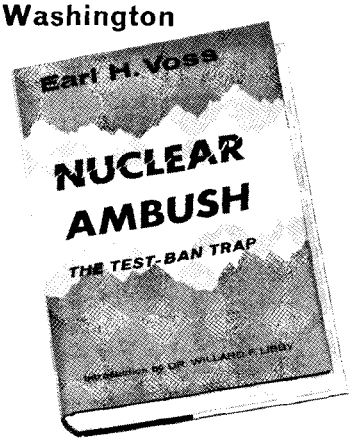

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Eric Hoffer's True Beliefs

GARRY WILLS

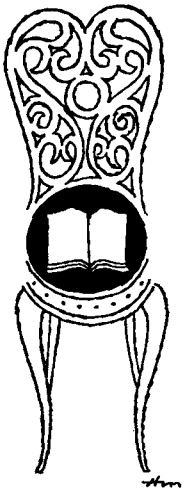
RICHARD ROVERE greeted Eric Hoffer's first book, *The True Believer*, an attack on ideology, with this idolatrous description: "a work of almost pure cerebration and intuition. . . . Hoffer has a mind that inclines to the wry epigram and the icy aphorism." But that description has been undermined forever: by a news-making effort, General (then President) Eisenhower *read* this glacial bit of cerebration; read it through; all of it.

The Ordeal of Change, by Eric Hoffer. Harper, $3.50

Somehow Hoffer survived the cruel fate of having his prose understood by Eisenhower (a fate Emmet Hughes is still trying to live down); he offers us, now, a set of meditations from the migrant worker's camp and the dockhand's waterfront. These new essays should dispose forever of the "icy intellect" nonsense. Hoffer is not a Voltaire who has come to terms with lice, not a great detached intellect, but a romantic. In the last century, the Sunday romantic went to Huxley's lectures, the full-time romantic went to die in Missolonghi. Now the holiday romantic "sits in," the professional romantic lives with Okies and stevedores. And, as everyone loves a romantic gesture, as staid little old women read Byron and wept, so everyone loves Hoffer. Ike likes *him*.

It is true that Hoffer is a romantic with his wits about him—something so rare that it has misled the Richard Roveres and Orville Prescotts into thinking him all cold intellection. Most romantics are in love with their own dream; the external world is just a series of hindrances to, or excuses for, the prolongation of that dream. The closer such dreamers get to "the people," the further they are from understanding them. Dorothy Day goes among the poor to prove things about poverty and anarchy that the poor would be the last to believe in—as she went to Cuba, last year, to help the Cubans by pointing out to them how Castro resembles Christ. But Hoffer knows the poor, and shares their distrust of the idealists who want to use them as weapons against other people: "One need not call to mind the example of Communist Russia to realize that the idealist has the makings of a most formidable taskmaster. The ruthlessness born of self-seeking is ineffectual compared with the ruthlessness sustained by dedication to a holy cause." The worker has a chance against an enemy like the cruel capitalist, but not against an ally like Lenin.

Not that the worker is immune to dreaming's ravages. Hoffer's first book was devoted to dismantling the materialist assumptions on which our foreign policy is so largely based—that men become Communists because they are poor, that x amount of foreign aid will prevent their Communization. Revolution takes place, normally, when the desire for power in a *few* meets, by way of temporary alliance, the need of some for comfort, a new community and insulation against their disintegrating socially-displaced (therefore disheartening) traditions. An aspiring middle class, an intelligentsia that feels politically unrewarded, at work in a society that is losing its corporate symbols and traditions—these are the agents of modern revolution. The appeal of Communism to underdeveloped countries is not based on material aid given or materialist philosophy preached, but on the hypnotic power of Communist belief, on *regimentation*, on the new totems offered to replace the old, on the fact that Communism can talk soothingly of liberation and betterment without really forcing men to be free.



Hoffer was so clinically, even cynically, blunt about the components of mass movements—envy, fear, ambition, loneliness (How many aging radicals look back on their activist days with simple nostalgia for collegiate solidarity and comradeship?)—that men interpreted the book as an attack on belief of any kind. Hoffer has, in fact, inspired some of his admirers with a fanatical anti-fanaticism; there are, ironically, many "true believers" in *The True Believer*. But the romantic is often—I suppose, usually—a pessimist and satirist. Hoffer's analysis of men's dreams and discontent comes from first-hand experience of them. His reflections on belief in a cause are like Johnson's lasting laments over the fugitive character of language, like the lament for civilization and man's works in *Rasselas*.

I may seem, at this point, to be arguing against myself—calling Hoffer a romantic, then comparing him to the great neo-classicist. But if Hoffer lives with the underprivileged and then shrewdly describes their failings, it should be remembered that, before writing his moral essay on Savage's wasted life, Johnson spent many drunken nights helping Savage waste it; that the illustrious Doctor had a strange sympathy, all his life, for seedy companions; that he praised order and light because he knew so well the restlessness that makes men live in darkness and disorder. He had nothing but contempt for Rousseau's drivel about the noble savage, because he knew there was nothing noble about his own quite active savagery. And though Johnson knew how desperately man depends on the survival of civilized restraints, he never fooled himself about the particular failings and corruption of any particular civilization, least of all his own. One of the first things we know about him is that, as a tiny boy, he was found in Litchfield Square trying to pull out of the cobblestones that ring to which bears were fastened, on holy days, for baiting.

Hoffer's sharp eye for human motives should remind us that the only way to know man is from within, by empathy and imagination. The idea of a science of sociology that will proceed by methods of the laboratory is ridiculous. Hoffer's descriptive essays are in the style of de Tocqueville, whom he consciously imitates. But de Tocqueville himself should not be considered the first socioligist. He is, rather, the inheritor of a tradition that goes back, through Johnson, Addison, Montaigne, to Juvenal, Horace, Theophrastus, Aristophanes. The satirist, the student of human "manners," attacks human aberrations because he has an idea of man

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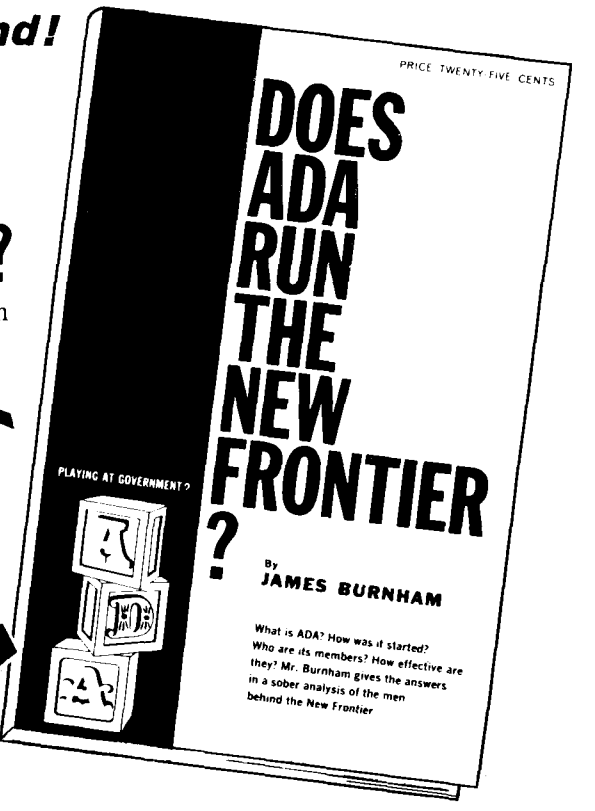
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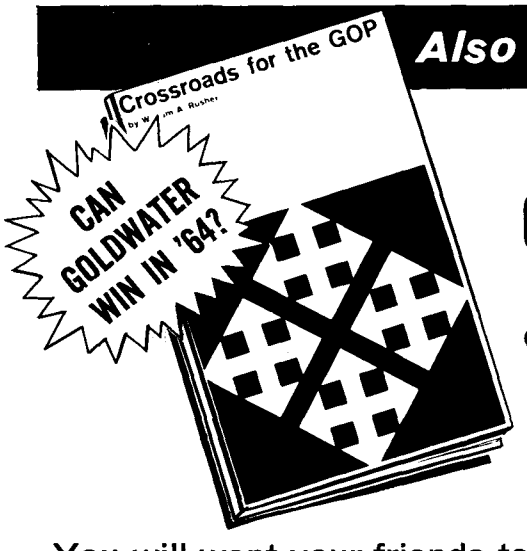

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that is worth defending. He is not "objective." But, for all that, he is the only "sociologist" worth having.

And Hoffer is in this tradition, as his new essays demonstrate. They are ethical meditations, pages out of a modern *Rambler*, formal, ironic, understated. They have titles like "The Unnaturalness of Human Nature" or "The Playful Mood." Hoffer is, like Johnson, self-educated; like most self-educated men (including Johnson), he is proper, rather pontifical, courteous, aware of the dignity of "letters." But, unlike most self-educated men (who have been spoiled by their teachers), he is also independent and intelligent. He is a laborer who can praise automation, a critic of mass society who admires that devil of Madison Avenue jeremiads, trade: "Trade is a form of self-assertion congenial to the common people—a sort of subversive activity, undoctrinaire, unheroic and uncoordinated, yet ceaselessly undermining and frustrating totalitarian domination . . . a catalyst of change, and of government by persuasion rather than by coercion."

THE UNIFYING theme of these essays is the role of the "scribe" in history. The word "anti-intellectual" is a barbarism used only by those who do not use their intellects; but Hoffer gives us the best description of the elements at work in the modern fuss over "anti-intellectualism." In terms of his earlier book, Hoffer shows how brief and tragic is the alliance of the revolutionary few with their sheepish many. The scribes have played a necessary and glorious role in history; but as rulers, or potential rulers, they have been a terrifying lot. (One of Acton's file cards carried the notation, "Plato was wrong, philosophers make the worst kings.") Despite their aspirations to power, intellectuals have done their best work under ruling patrons—something as true of modern science as of Renaissance art and scholarship, Greek drama and sculpture. Of course the artist will chafe against their restrictions; but he will remain an artist, and put his restlessness to creative purpose. The modern intellectual thinks that his skills entitle him to rule; and, since he has been neither effectively hindered nor finally successful in his raids on power, the "scribe" has never been more frustrated, less creative, or the cause of so much suffering in society at large. To say these things, as Hoffer does in his infuriatingly calm and precise manner, is not to be "anti-intellectual," but to recognize the intellect's explosive power and displaced majesty.

In several of these essays, the masked romantic gives himself away. Speaking of America, he shows a deep love for his country; and speaking of his comrades, the poor, he shows a deep respect for them not to be found in the ostentations of most "friends of the proletariat." Though he would be the last to admit it, Eric Hoffer's own true beliefs go deep. Which is as it should be. For if the only good sociology is satire, the best satire is a form of confession.

The Passing Scene

Sixty Years in Show Business

IRENE CORBALLY KUHN

FOR FIVE WEEKS in early spring, prim Boston put on the pancake make-up and false eyelashes of a Hollywood movie set. Producer-director Otto Preminger, who delights in cutting across the grain of orthodoxy, came to Kennedyville-on-the-Charles for outdoor shots of key scenes in *The Cardinal*. He invited a handful of writers to come up and see him transfer to the screen a section of Henry Morton Robinson's best-selling novel of thirteen years ago. The movie will have a gala pre-Christmas opening in Boston.

The day began in typical movie fashion with breakfast for the principals in the Kenmore Hotel where everybody helped Miss Dorothy Gish celebrate her sixty-fifth birthday a

week or so ahead of the event. Pink-icinged birthday cake came with the scrambled eggs and coffee in a new un-taste treat. The cake was admired, for politeness' sake, cut, photographed and dismissed.

The charming and cultivated Miss Gish, who plays the Cardinal's mother, was in a beige suit and a mink toque. She is frankly and unabashedly her age, although she looks much younger. Like her sister Lillian, Mary Pickford, and Douglas Fairbanks, she was a matinee idol in the golden era of American film making. It was golden not just for the money it made for everybody in the industry—stars, directors, producers, investors—but for the fact that it was silent. The four-letter words which accent today's dialogue never came roaring off the silver screen in those days. The great directors of silent pictures required stars to be able to convey emotions and sustain the dramatic narrative of a story by their acting, by the quality of their expressions, the force or restraint of their gestures.

Dorothy Gish had the benefit of the directing genius of David Wark Griffith, one of the early greats, the man who invented the movie spectacular. The mastery of her art which she acquired under him is the reason why she and Lillian, currently appearing on the New York stage in Bernard Shaw's *Too True To Be Good*, are still at the top of their form after sixty years.

"Sixty years in show business? Is that right?" asked a young doubter, disbelieving her own ears. "That's right—sixty," Miss Gish said cheerily. "Now you know why so many people think we're dead!"

Dorothy Gish played Boston last in 1940 when she toured in *Life With Father*. Her first Boston appearance was many years before that. She had forgotten it when she came up with the Preminger company to make *The Cardinal* but she found a fan who remembered: "We had gone to the waterfront to do some scenes there—it's when Stephen Fermoyle comes home from Rome an ordained priest. We were all gathered on the pier by the ship's side waiting for Tom Tryon to come down the gangplank. He's the young priest who becomes Cardinal—my son, the Cardinal. There were a lot of dockworkers about watching the shooting and one of

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them cupped his hands and called out to me! 'Hey, Miss Gish, hello! I seen you here in 1925!' He was right. I took a good look around and sure enough. It was the same pier I'd worked on 38 years ago. I had a good gabfest with the longshoreman and I was impressed, you can bet. Imagine his being around and remembering! He even recalled the name of the movie. It was an insignificant one called *Fury*, with me and Richard Barthelmess and Tyrone Power. And well—here I am again, as I said to the man, still on dock!"

The Gish sisters, small, slender, dainty look-alikes with delicate features and good brains, have never been Jenny-One-Notes. Griffith couldn't tell them apart when they were little so he had them wear distinguishing ribbons. Dorothy was "Pink Ribbon" and answered to that call; Lillian, "Blue Ribbon."

Their audiences soon recognized the special qualities of each and so they have had great success with separate careers. In the past 25 years they have appeared only in movies and plays which they wanted to do, in roles which their sound theatrical judgment assayed and found suitable.

Other times, they have lived unpublished personal lives, working actively at essential, unglamorous jobs in Republican politics during campaigns, pursuing their separate interests from separate abodes, yet maintaining the closeness as sisters for which they have been known and admired since they struck out together with their mother to make their living, in 1902.

Dorothy was only four, then. Lillian a bit younger. Their movie career really began when they joined their friend, Mary Pickford, and went to work for Mr. Griffith in an old brownstone at 11 East 14th Street in New York, in 1912.

Dorothy Gish, for all her seeming fragility, belongs to a vanishing tribe of show folk. These were the strong, tough-fibred men and women who thrived on hardship and earned success honestly through hard work and constant striving. They bear not a jot of resemblance to today's couch-prone neurotics with a psychoanalyst in every dressing room.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE UNICORN, by Iris Murdoch (Viking, $5.00). Just as if Stella Gibbons had not written *Cold Comfort Farm*, that hilarious spoof of Brontë *Angst*, Hardy gloom, Lawrencian satyriasis, and Branwellian devilry, Miss Murdoch sends a sensible lass from the rational world of Jane Austen to the wilds of Scotland (dolmens, prehistoric sheep, phosphorescent bogs, Victorian mansions) to reside with a company of loonies that Krafft-Ebing, the Brontë family, Edward Gorey, and Shirley Jackson would walk ten miles and pay admission to see. We must admit simply that the Gothick Romance is of permanent interest, for Miss Murdoch's wax-works is as entertaining as the best—mental health in plague conditions. But the fable discernible in the plot elevates her story far above the usual account of Old Home Week in Transylvania. We are convinced of a particular kind of suffering and learn quite a lot about its nature, and about what happens to life, when it is denied its fulfillment, in that insidious form of hate called spite. Such are the ravages, as a character remarks, of Courtly Love. And indeed the student of Plato and of the transformations and perversions of love will find much here to occupy his mind. The plot and tone are first-rate. Read on a rainy night, in complete silence.

G. DAVENPORT

THE ORDEAL OF POWER: *A Political Memoir of the Eisenhower Years*, by Emmet John Hughes (Atheneum, $5.95). Emmet John Hughes opens his political memoir with a bland declaration: "In terms of American politics, I most commonly found myself a comrade, in purpose and temper, of the Democrats—and not the more conservative ones. I still do." Being an idealistic chap, however, who puts duty to mankind above mere matters of ethical personal conduct, in politics he was a widely publicized "comrade" of Republicans —and not the least lowly ones: Governor Nelson A. Rockefeller and President Eisenhower, to mention one or two. Even Richard

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Rovere, who does not usually find the Liberal code unpalatable, has to swallow hard in his *New Yorker* review of the book: "a political memoir of unquestionable importance but of highly questionable taste and propriety. . . . He did not declare his point of view while he sat in its [the Eisenhower Administration's] councils." But, as Hughes unabashedly recounts, he insinuated his point of view into the speeches he wrote for Eisenhower. His closing pages are warm with admiration for the new young President, who matches Hughes in age and ethical sensibilities.

F. S. MEYER

THE IRON CURTAIN, by Harry and Bonaro Overstreet (Norton, $4.50). "On the record, Communists have been the most unrestrained killers the world has ever known," bravely write the Overstreets, thus risking their cosy quarters in Establishment Manor. They go further: "Soviet man will be able to go to the moon before he can freely go to Vienna." They scoff at Nikita's "thaw" and even cast skeptical eyes at the putative benign effects of the Sino-Soviet conflict. Yet Liberalism still breaks through. The one concrete response the Overstreets can muster to the Iron Curtain is a massive propaganda campaign: while the Ivans and their missiles pour into Cuba.

N. MCCAFFREY

GAMAILIS AND OTHER TALES FROM STALIN'S RUSSIA, by Vladimir Andreyev (Regnery, $4.95). While Khrushchev and Togliatti engage in vacuous exchanges on socialist realism, Andreyev has demonstrated that Soviet life provides rich material for that sort of art which is a holding of a mirror up to nature. Indeed, Andreyev (and his translator, Fred P. Berry) has produced art in the truest creative sense. These tales are that rare sort of literary experience where communion of the author and reader is complete—or as nearly complete as is possible. Khrushchev, Togliatti, Ehrenburg, *et al.* would be well advised to read Andreyev to learn what art is. They, certainly, would understand what Andreyev is saying about the nature of socialist reality.

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To the Editor

K-Mao Row

Congratulations to NATIONAL REVIEW for publishing Jules Monnerot's article on the Sino-Soviet split [June 4]. Something authoritative was needed as an antidote to the flood of potions from the Kremlinologists' alchemical laboratories. I now think I've built up enough resistance that I can read the next Edward Crankshaw piece without getting too sick to my stomach.

Houston, Tex. JONAS LEE

Baldwinningness

Garry Wills' analysis of James Baldwin [May 21] is certainly the best I have seen. Moreover, it is good—what more can an editor or reader hope for?

New York City ERNEST VAN DEN HAAG

NATIONAL REVIEW becomes more brilliant with time. Thanks to Garry Wills' essay, you have reached or jumped to a new level.

Berkeley, Calif. PAUL C. ROBERTS

Your good Garry Wills flounders in deep water when he tries to pit superficialities-learned-in-school against the true voice of the black—James Baldwin—in his review of *The Fire Next Time.*

Baldwin speaks for the black in America. They don't all know yet that this voice and that of Elijah Muhammad is their voice, but they will. There is a first surge of black consciousness astir in the world and the blacks in America are caught up in it just as are their cousins in the Congo. In times past the Negro community in this country has been led by the mulattoes, whose inheritance and abilities drew them toward the white community. Now that leadership is bankrupt and knows it, as witness the recent events in the Negroes' drive for power.

Wills agonizes for the Negro; he is decadent. He wants to erase the complaint of the Negro; he is fatuous. He deplores racism; he spits in the face of history. Whatever else the black is, he is not decadent. He has his own inner sense of race destiny and the "Uncle Toms" will not deprive him of it. Whites who surrender their own destiny and community are decadent; their tolerance is the tolerance of the corpse for the maggot—the passive tolerance of death. This is why Baldwin howls. The white who accommodates the black as such is pitiful and corrupt; there is no life in him, and the Negro instinctively reacts with loathing and contempt. The white the Negro fights and struggles with will have nothing to do with him; and yet this "intolerant" white man is the only one capable of holding the Negroes' respect since the Negro, being relatively primitive and certainly non-decadent, admires these virtues even in his enemy.

If Wills would look at Baldwin with other than YMCA-tinted glasses, he would see that a Moses, not a welfare worker, is struggling to be born, a Moses to take the black people out of the white man's Egypt. The black can survive and flourish in Africa and perhaps in the Caribbean; he is reaching the point where the U.S. is no longer big enough for both him and the white man. Baldwin is reaching toward this truth and great is the confusion of integration-minded Garry Wills and his kind to see the Negro contemptuously turn down his well-meant "mea culpa" and his "I'll try to be a better neighbor" in favor of a black racism drunk with dreams of future greatness.

Wills had better stick to castigating the *Saturday Review.* He is out of his depth in the turn of the screw of world history.

Cincinnati, Ohio GEORGE WALLACE

Possibly the most interesting thing I have read in the NATIONAL REVIEW in some time is "What Color Is God?" by Garry Wills. It is my genuine and sincere regret that I do not know this man personally, and that I do not enjoy his company. His writing is superb and cogent; his treatment of his subject matter is a pure delight to read.

Houston, Tex. PRINCE V. BADENBURG

The Big Giveaway

The article on foreign aid by Congressman Passman [May 21] makes a coherent and effective argument for curtailing this waste. I certainly hope he is successful.

Pasadena, Calif. DAVID H. CLOSE

Birmingham Blues

While Southerners have long since known better than to expect any sympathy from any other section of the country, we have at least hoped to see the truth reported in a few magazines and this includes one of the caliber of *NR.* Allow me, please, to enlighten Mr. Buckley on a few of the statements that simply do not hold water in his article, "Birmingham and After" [May 21].

His first misstatement of the truth occurred when he wrote: "What triggered the Birmingham demonstrations was nothing less than the murder, under the foulest circumstances, of a single demonstrator, the tragic postman William Moore. . . ." First of all, no intelligent Southerner con-

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dones this murder, and the facts concerning the case show that the local law enforcement officers made an immediate investigation, the governor of the state of Alabama offered a $1,000 reward for information resulting in the capture and conviction of the perpetrators of this murder and the investigation has been carried on with diligence and efficiency. That statement being made, let's set Mr. Buckley straight on the relationship between this act and the Birmingham demonstrations. The demonstrations by Negroes began in Birmingham on Wednesday, April 3. William Moore was murdered on Tuesday, April 23. I might also interject here that, while Moore had a perfect right to do so, he used the poorest kind of judgment and continued his "march" to Mississippi after ignoring the pleas of sheriffs and other local authorities in north Alabama not to continue it, at least during the hours of darkness and on a lonely road.

Secondly, his statement: "After at least one of the recent collisions in Alabama the demonstrators were arrested rather than the anti-demonstrators, when there appeared to be no reason related to the public order for doing so." I can only surmise from this statement that Mr. Buckley must be referring to the "Freedom Marchers" who began a "memorial march" in the name of William Moore in Tennessee. Governor Wallace had issued a proclamation warning that no such marchers would be allowed to march through the State of Alabama. We had just had one incident of a brutal murder and what other course did Governor Wallace have than to put a stop to further such demonstrations that could possibly lead to the same type of crime? As Mr. Buckley so rightfully says: "the right to peaceable assembly does not rank above the need for public order."

Birmingham, Ala. BARBARA HAMBY

J. Kornfeder, RIP

Congratulations on your fine obituary for Joe Kornfeder [May 21].

Joe was one of the very few Moscow-trained Communists who broke with the Party early (1934) and then devoted all of his strength and keen analytical mind to defeat the Soviet enemy. Two of the most important and little known defeats suffered by the USCP, during the days it was riding high, were engineered by Kornfeder.

Despite poor health, he came to Washington to be on hand for the Senate Foreign Relations Committee hearings on the Freedom Academy Bill. He died the day after the hearings. For six years Joe was an invaluable source of information, moral support, and strategy know-how to Freedom Academy supporters. More than anyone else he recognized the critical need for better Cold War training. He died in a final effort to give the Free World a major center to train professionals for our side in the protracted conflict.

Kornfeder never complained or let up. Only after I had known him many years did he mention the wife and infant son who disappeared behind the Iron Curtain when he broke with the Party. If his son survives, I hope he can some day learn of the remarkable character and qualities of his father.

Orlando, Fla, ALAN G. GRANT JR.

Letter From Exile

I have read with interest and no little amazement Archduke Otto's letter [May 21].

Obviously His Imperial Highness has been pulling your leg. He cannot be unaware of the fact that the Communist Party, which was paralyzed and discredited in 1958 after the May 13 uprising, is now stronger than ever. Under the guise of fighting against the OAS and with the acquiescence of the government, the Communists have been able to create cells (the so-called OCC) in the army. They also have them in the police and in the nuclear research services. While a frantic witch hunt is still on against all those who are suspected of "French Algeria" tendencies, the Communists are free, if not helped, to infiltrate all the structures of the state. All in all, any serious observer of French political realities will tell you that the Communists' positions are much stronger in France now than they were under the Fourth Republic.

As to the statement that there are 10,000 persons still in French concentration camps, Mr. Burnham made two mistakes: 1) he should have said 11,000 or more; 2) he should have written "jails." The notorious concentration camps of Saint-Maurice l'Ardoise and Thol have been dissolved: they were bad propaganda. The political prisoners are kept in over-crowded jails throughout France

Speaking Up . . .

Willmore Kendall, Senior Editor of National Review, Rhodes Scholar, political scientist and educator, will accept invitations now to lecture and debate around the country next fall. A professor at Los Angeles City College, Mr. Kendall is the author of six books. His latest is *The Conservative Affirmation.*

Your university or club can also write now for openings in the fall schedules of our other speakers: L. Brent Bozell, attorney and Washington Correspondent for National Review; Miguel Kohly, expert in Inter-American Relations; Frank S. Meyer, author of *In Defense of Freedom: A Conservative Credo;* Thomas Molnar, writer and spokesman for the conservative position; Russell Kirk, syndicated columnist, professor of politics; Erik Ritter von Kuehnelt-Leddihn, humanist and lecturer; Wm. F. Buckley Jr., editor of National Review and best-selling author of *Rumbles Left and Right;* William A. Rusher, publisher of National Review and former counsel to the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee; William Rickenbacker, a dynamic young editor and colorful speaker; Ernest van den Haag, professor of social philosophy.

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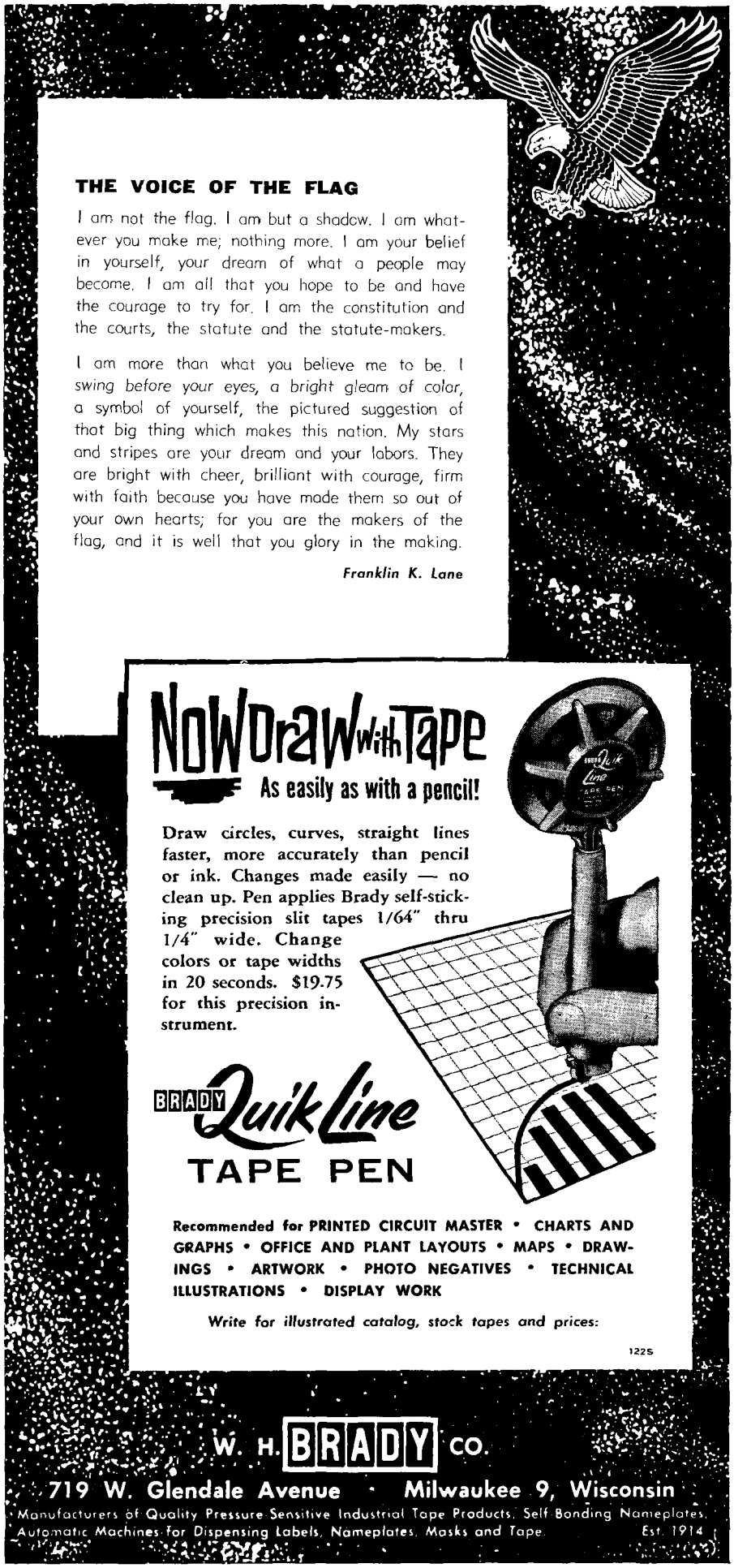
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under the most appalling conditions. The figure of 11,000 political prisoners has been publicly quoted by Senator Dubois, a well-known moderate (incidentally, he was a close friend of M. Debré before the latter's surprising . . . evolution), speaking from the floor of the High Assembly, and has never been challenged. It is enough to peruse the French papers to notice that almost every day some ten to fifteen persons are hauled off to jail under the "suspicion" of "plotting against the authority of the State."

De Gaulle's absolute power has made France a police state, with all its paraphernalia, including "special" courts which automatically sentence to death or to heavy jail terms and the monstrous growth of the OSE, a kind of OVRA or OGPU, which was responsible for Col. Argoud's kidnapping in Germany. Instead of echoing propaganda slogans about "the crimes committed by the OAS," Archduke Otto should have mentioned such hard facts as the murder of 16-year-old Méi by a Gaullist "military magistrate," the murder of engineer Petitjean by the Gaullist agents, the hideous tortures inflicted on a young woman, Mme. Salasc, by the Gaullist Gestapo-like secret police, and other countless crimes of the regime.

Is it not significant, by the way, that while thousands of French men and women are in jail, there is not one Communist among them? Papers, books, magazines are seized by the police, but never a Communist publication. The fact is that the present dictatorship acts as a bulldozer to open the way to Communism by destroying France's structures (*e.g.*, the army), jailing or killing the enemies of Communism and sabotaging France's alliances with her Western partners.

This does not mean that France will become Communist when the present regime disappears. Youth, whatever His Imperial Highness may think, is definitely *not* in favor of this regime, and a great part of it is not Communist. Healthy forces remain alive, outside of the old parties, in the trade unions, the peasants' movements, the intellectual circles. The sooner the dictatorship disappears the better, because its weight is gradually smothering all independent thought.

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